

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XLIV, No. 3
WHOLE No. 1100

October 25, 1930

PRICE 10 CENTS
\$4.00 A YEAR

CONTENTS

	PAGES
CHRONICLE	49-52
EDITORIALS	
The Encyclopaedia Britannica—Graft in Our Cities—A Secretary Errs Again—Revolt in South America—Victims of Zeal—"The Heartless Rich"	53-55
TOPICS OF INTEREST	
Big Team or Little Team?—Sweden and Its Religion—Beggar Woman—Our Islands Go to School	56-63
SOCIOLOGY	
A Gangless Country	63-64
EDUCATION	
For the High-School Senior	65-66
POETRY	
The Old Bard Speaks—Porch Lights—Autumn—Foolishness of Love.....	57; 63; 64
WITH SCRIP AND STAFF	66-67
LITERATURE	
For Catholic Puritans	68-69
REVIEWS	69-71
COMMUNICATIONS	72

Chronicle

Home News.—As the time approached for the November elections in which the full House of Representatives will be replaced or re-elected, and one-third of the

Senate, it became apparent to political observers that the Republican party would suffer a serious setback in both

Houses. The two paramount questions were Prohibition and the depression. A decided drift was noted to blame the Republican Party, particularly in the West, for the troubles which oppressed both farm and city people. On the other hand, the anti-Prohibition movement grew so strong that many "dry" politicians running for office were refusing to express themselves on the question and were obviously relieved at the prospect of liberation from the domination of the Anti-Saloon League. In most cases where there was a lively campaign, the economic and Prohibition issues were obscured by local issues and in this fact the sole Republican hopes were lodged. Republicans admitted that Ohio, Kentucky, Rhode Island and Massachusetts were doubtful; claimed New Jersey, Delaware and Illinois, and conceded West Virginia and Oklahoma to the Democrats. The contest for Governor in Pennsylvania presented an extraordinary spectacle, when most of the Republican leaders in Philadelphia and

largely throughout the State deserted the nominee of the party, Governor Pinchot. The prospects were that for the first time in fifty years a Democratic Governor would be elected. The Republicans conceded that about twenty-seven seats in the House, gained by them in 1928, would be lost. Therefore, the Democrats had only to hold the other present seats and to gain fifty-three more to obtain control.

There was evidence that President Hoover was acutely interested in the Stock Exchange side of the depression. For weeks a powerful short interest had driven stocks

generally below the average reached at the bottom of last November's panic.

Under urging from the Federal Government, the New York Stock Exchange threatened measures to call a halt on this short selling. For the first time in a long while, the stocks needed for this operation were loaned at a premium and it was given out that though this was done by no order of the Exchange but by fear of action, it was thought that it would slow up the downward trend of prices. At the same time, extreme nervousness prevailed and several large houses were reported to be in difficulty.

Argentina.—The Columbus Day parade indicated that the country had accepted Provisional President Uriburu's regime. The crowds cheered the marching soldiers, many

of whom had fought in the September revolution. Those who had been wounded in the fighting were carried in

automobiles. In the Plaza Mayo, the President and his Cabinet were acclaimed by the crowds. There were no outbreaks, and the few police on hand had no trouble in maintaining order. Meanwhile, the Minister of the Interior was making plans to hold national elections for the Senate and House of Deputies. In preparation for these elections, the Progressive Democratic party issued a manifesto calling for national support of its platform. The National Democratic Federation, on the other hand, was adverse to the formation of national parties, and was working to secure the cooperation of various local parties for the common goal of reconstruction.

Austria.—Prince Ernst Ruediger von Starhemberg, the Heimwehr Minister of the Interior, canceled the deportation order issued by the late Schober Government against Major Waldemar Pabst and issued orders for the confiscation of important newspapers which had published allegations of the Farmers' party that Major Pabst had

conspired with Italy against the interests of Austria. According to these allegations the German "putsch specialist," together with two Heimwehr leaders had negotiated in Vienna last November with representatives, and Major Pabst had sought to induce Italy to make its support for Austria's plea for a new loan and freedom from further reparation obligations dependent on the establishment of a Heimwehr dictatorship. This move was promptly countered by Chancellor Schober. According to the charges, Major Pabst's next proposal was that the Austrian provinces of Tyrol and Vorarlberg should be united as a new State under dictatorial control. The National Socialists leaders admitted that negotiations were proceeding between Adolf Hitler in Germany and Prince Starhemberg in Austria for a pact between the two parties, under which the Austrian Heimwehr and the Austrian National Socialist party would make common cause in the forthcoming elections and would both receive the support of the German National Socialists. It was further announced that in reply to a petition of the National Socialists, Prince von Starhemberg had intimated that the Ministry would raise no objection to Adolf Hitler's visit to Austria on the invitation of the National Socialists. The break between the Heimwehr and the Christian Social party was said to have confronted the Minister of the Interior with the difficult undertaking of running on a separate Heimwehr ticket in the general elections. The Prince, it was said, had not only lost ground with his own following, but also with the Christian Socialists who have definitely withdrawn their support.

Brazil.—Contradictory reports continued to be issued by the Federal and insurgent headquarters concerning the fighting along the three battle fronts. The most important action was that to the South, where the revolution was strongest. The leading State in the revolt, Rio Grande do Sul, in conjunction with Santa Catharina and Parana, sent forward an army estimated at 50,000 men towards the loyal State of Sao Paulo, with the objective of capturing the city of Sao Paulo and the Federal capital, Rio de Janeiro. Federal troops met the rebel forces along a 100 mile front in Parana, about seventy-five miles from the Sao Paulo border. Skirmishes occurred along this battle front, but both armies delayed conflict in order to mobilize their full strength. This impending battle, it was thought, would be decisive in the further progress of the rebellion. Another battle front was that to the northwest of Rio de Janeiro in the State of Minas Geraes. The insurgents seized this area at the first announcement of the revolt. A strong Federal force was dispatched against the capital, Bello Horizonte, and this force was reported as advancing successfully, though against stiff opposition. As a counter-move, the revolutionists of Minas Geraes sent troops into Espirito Santo, considerably above Rio de Janeiro on the seacoast, as a threat on the capital city. In the far North, the revolutionists reported complete success in getting control of Ceara, Maranhao and Sergipe, in addition to the States already held, namely, Parahyba and Pernambuco. Authoritative

information on the number of States involved in the revolution was not available; the insurgents claimed at least twelve States of the twenty in the Republic as in their possession, with four others being invaded.

The Government at Rio de Janeiro announced that the Federal troops remained loyal, even in the rebellious areas. Reservists from twenty to thirty years of age were ordered to join the army, and a preliminary call sent to those up to forty years of age. An appropriation of \$10,000,000 was authorized for defense purposes. A fifteen day bank-holiday was ordered, to prevent a run on the banks. Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo were kept in an orderly state. The Federal authorities claimed that the revolution failed in its plans of capturing the country within ten days, before the Federal Government could organize itself for war. Purchases by the Federal Government of ten bombing planes and ammunitions of war from the United States were approved by the State Department at Washington. In this regard, Mr. Stimson, Secretary of State, declared that "the Government of Brazil has a perfect right to buy munitions in this country." Since no advances have been made by the rebels in the matter of the purchase of war equipment, the attitude of the United States on an embargo against the revolutionists remained problematical.

Cuba.—The political tension seemed to have eased somewhat during the past week. It became apparent that the United States would not intervene, and the Nationalists realized that unless they had such intervention on their side, there was no hope of a successful revolution against President Machado's strong and still loyal army. It was felt further, that the worst of the economic depression was over and that the near future was bound to bring a betterment of conditions with a consequent alleviation of unrest. Hopes have been raised by the plan evolved by a committee of sugar owners headed by Thomas L. Chadbourne of New York for handling the Cuban sugar crop, and by the departure of a group of Cuban growers for China with the object of developing a huge new market there. Despite these facts, however, the Nationalists protested that the people were still dissatisfied. A Nationalist demonstration planned for October 11 was canceled when the order came from President Machado. On October 14, the President signed a decree forbidding the holding of meetings or assemblages of any kind until after the elections on November 1. Officials said that the decree was occasioned by a number of minor disturbances, unimportant in themselves, but tending to disturb the public peace.

Czechoslovakia.—The budget estimate for 1931, which was recently presented to the National Assembly, placed the receipts of the next fiscal year at 9,843,000,000 crowns and the expenses at 9,838,000,000. The 1931 surplus was thus estimated at only 5,000,000 crowns; whereas the budget for 1930 foresaw a surplus of 53,000,000.

Preparations by Government

Political Tension Eased

Progress of Revolt

Budget and Debt

The decreased surplus prospect was due to increased salaries of State employes, financial renovation of autonomous bodies of the Republic, in consequence of Socialist spendthrift administration, and public utility work for unemployment. The budget gave for the first time definite figures with regard to the Czechoslovak national debt, as amounting to 36,964,745,606 crowns. Interest, amortization, and cost of administration amounted to 2,236,854,712 crowns. The budget, however, despite its small surplus, was solidly balanced.

Demonstrations took place in Prague on four evenings at the end of September, against German talking films exhibited in that city. Press protests and street demonstrations took part in accusing the films of German nationalist propaganda. The demonstrations were eventually suppressed, and interchanges between the two Governments took place. There were also some Hungarian protests against German films in Budapest.

German Films

France.—The annual congress of the Radical and Radical-Socialist party, the largest single group in the Left Opposition, held at Grenoble in the second week of October, occupied itself largely with the security-disarmament dilemma. Insurgency among the younger members of the party was finally quelled by M. Herriot and other older leaders, who, while favoring greater French initiative for disarmament, rested in the formula: "Arbitration, security, and disarmament: all three together." On the day preceding the debate in this party congress, President Doumergue, at Brest, assisted at the launching of the Dupleix, the sixth 10,000-ton cruiser built under the Washington treaty. In his address, he reiterated France's pacific intentions, and declared that all of her military and naval preparedness was designed on purely defensive lines, and for the prevention of war.

A fully documented memorandum on the effect of the Smoot-Hawley tariff on France's trade with the United States, prepared by the Ministry of Commerce, was sent to the French Embassy at Washington early in October. Its contents were not disclosed.—A protest against Spanish tariff rates was filed with the Minister of Finance, with the backing of a large group of manufacturers. The chief French exports affected by the Spanish tariff were motor vehicles, bicycles, wines and textiles.

Tariff

Great Britain.—Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, prevailed on the Labor Government to reject the protection and preferential views offered to the Imperial Conference by R. H. Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada, and supported unanimously by the representatives of the other Dominions. The answer of the MacDonald Government was first submitted privately to the heads of the delegations and then publicly addressed to them by Mr. Snowden himself and by William Graham, President of the British Board of Trade. Both speakers made it clear that Great Britain, under a Labor Ministry,

Tariff Proposals at Imperial Conference

would not adopt a protection policy and, hence, could not accept the reciprocal preferences advocated by the Dominions. Mr. Graham presented "complementary proposals." These involved a scheme for bulk purchases by the British Government abroad through the machinery of import boards, in effect, a system of State buying, and a pledge on the part of Great Britain to buy a certain definite percentage of its foreign needs from the Dominion. After the address by Mr. Bennett which brought the question of protection before the Imperial Conference, and the answer which the Labor Cabinet was forced to give, it was felt that the Conference had reached a crisis, and that graceful agreement in the differences was impossible. But the matter was smoothed out by the agreement to refer this and other economic questions to the economic committee for study. Stanley Baldwin, the Conservative leader, leaped into the controversy immediately after the Bennett speech by declaring that his party supported the Dominion proposals and by demanding that these should be voted on by the country. Premier MacDonald reprimanded him for making the Imperial Conference a political issue and denounced his interference. His position, after the later action of the Dominions, was embarrassing.

Greece.—Full agreement was given by the unofficial representatives attending the Balkan Conference at Athens to the plan of former Premier Papanastasiu, of Greece, for the formation of a Balkan Union which would be similar to the German Confederation before 1870.

Proposal of Balkan Union

The proposals for the Balkan Union included the following: The establishment of a Balkan Court of Arbitration that would be obligatory; the creation of a central Balkan Office; the acknowledgment by the united countries of a Balkan Committee as the supreme judicial authority; the annual meeting of the foreign Ministers of the Balkan States; the banning of war between the members of the Balkan Union and the pledge of mutual help against any foreign aggressor. The proposed Union, it was asserted, would aim to develop economic cooperation and solidarity, and would likewise promote a cultural unanimity.

Haiti.—After a lapse of fifteen years, Parliamentary elections were held on October 14. Since the intervention of the United States in 1915, the functions of the Legislature were carried on by an appointed body of twenty-one members called the Council of State. The Legislature just elected consisted of fifteen Senators and thirty-six Deputies; these will elect the President who is to succeed the present Provisional President, Eugene Roy, who came into office last May in succession to Louis Borno. The outstanding candidates for the Presidency are Constantin Mayard and Seymour Pradel; Mr. Borno has promised that he will not be a candidate, having already served two terms. A native military organization, the Garde d'Haiti, preserved order during the elections; the 800 American Marines stationed in Haiti remained in their barracks.

Electoral System Resumed

Italy.—Close on the news of the betrothal of Princess Giovanna to King Boris of Bulgaria, came the further announcement from the Italian Court that the wedding would be held at Assisi on October 25.

Royal Wedding Plans On October 15, the dispensation for a mixed marriage was granted by the Holy See, with the usual written promises, signed by both contracting parties, providing for the free exercise of religion by the Catholic spouse, and for the baptism and education in the Catholic Faith of all offspring. It was reported that permission had been granted to hold the ceremony in the crypt of the Basilica of St. Francis. King Boris planned to leave for Sofia immediately after the wedding, and return to escort his bride thither after preparing for her reception in his capital.

Japan.—After a long fight, the London Naval Treaty was formally ratified, October 2, when the Emperor Hirohito affixed his signature to the pact. The next day, the paper started on its journey to London.

Naval Pact Ratified To make sure of its arrival before November 6, when the Disarmament parley starts in Geneva, the Japanese Government requested the use of United States Naval planes to carry the document across the American continent. Immediately after the signing of the pact, Admiral Takarabe, Minister of the Navy, resigned, and within three hours Admiral Abo had taken his place. Admiral Takarabe was the fourth high official who had been forced out of office in the controversy over the signing of the pact. Another immediate result of this controversy was the naming of a special committee to consider reforms of the Privy Council. Much criticism arose over the dilatory tactics of this body in considering the pact. Various changes are proposed, chief of which is the reduction in the number of councilors from the present twenty-four to fifteen.

Mexico.—A serious political crisis, to judge from the meager press reports, was apparently averted by the resignation of ex-President Portes Gil as head of the National Revolutionary party. For some time it had been rumored that ex-President Calles was seeking to restore his

Political Crisis waning political prestige and a revolution, even, was talked of. Rumors then began to appear in the press that the Cabinet was badly divided, and in a speech made by Calles, false friends of the Administration were severely castigated. This speech was to have been made by President Ortiz Rubio who, at the last moment, sent Calles, the supposition being that a plot had been laid to kill the President. It will be recalled that on the eve of Portes Gil's visit to Havana in the summer, he was accused of being the instigator of the plot to murder Ortiz Rubio on the day of his inauguration. At that time it was expected that Portes Gil would be out of the country indefinitely. He returned, however, and his departure from the party government was taken to mean that the threatened revolt was averted and also that Calles was well on the way to recover his political prestige. Meanwhile, the economic situation, aggravated by the world depression,

continued desperate and it was feared that the country would not be able to go through with its agreement with the international bankers on the bond question.

Russia.—The note sent by the Soviet Government on October 8 to Chang Hsueh-liang, Manchurian war-lord, protesting against White Russian activities supposed to

Chinese Conference be encouraged along the Eastern Chinese Railway in Manchuria, was followed by a Russo-Chinese conference in Moscow.

The conference opened October 11, with politely worded speeches by L. M. Karakhan, former Soviet agent in China, and Mo Teh-tsui, the Chinese delegate. M. Karakhan stated that the conference should have as its basis the Russo-Chinese treaty of 1924 and the agreement made at Khabarovsk on December 22 of last year. Mo Teh-tsui's answer was reported as evasive.—By virtue of a decree, issued October 11 by the Soviet Labor Commissariat, unemployed would be dealt with by drastic conscription of all labor, regardless of qualifications or personal preferences; with threat of deletion from labor exchange files.—Eighty-three Germans, prominent in science, learning, art, and literature, signed a public protest on October 11 against the recent arrests and executions of Russian men of science.

Spain.—Following a Cabinet meeting on October 9, the Government issued a statement about the series of strikes which had been disturbing the peace, drawing a clear line

Government Statement on Disorders of distinction between strikes called lawfully for economic reasons, and those of a political or revolutionary character.

Promising cooperation for the settlement of differences in the former case, it reiterated the policy of using severe legal means against agitators abusing the freedom of speech and press and inciting strikes to embarrass the Government. A series of arrests followed in Barcelona, the center of radical labor elements and of the Separatist movement. The police stated that political strikes in other places had been started from there. When the University of Barcelona opened, a group of students burned a picture of the King. The disturbance caused a new suspension of classes.

The Inquisition has long been a target for the shafts of those who know little of the real history of it. Next week, William Thomas Walsh will tell the story of "The Martyrdom of St. Peter Arbues," who was an inquisitor and was killed by the Jews, and incidentally expose the historian Lea.

Hilaire Belloc will offer a quiet meditation of "The Means for the End," at a modern angle with modern instances.

James William Fitz Patrick will tell another of his stories of Clancy, Inc. The redoubtable Terence will appear in an act entitled "Clancy, Inc. Opens the Mail." A correspondent gets a surprise.

AMERICA

A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1930

Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 29, 1918.

WILFRID PARSONS
Editor-in-Chief

PAUL L. BLAKELY
JOHN LAFARGE

FRANCIS X. TALBOT
CHARLES I. DOYLE
Associate Editors

WILLIAM I. LONERGAN
JAMES A. GREELEY

FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION POSTPAID
United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$4.00
Canada, \$4.50 - - - Europe, \$5.00

Addresses:

Publication Office, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.
Telephone: Medallion 3082

Editors' Office, 329 West 108th Street, New York, N. Y.

CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica

THE American publishers of the Encyclopaedia Britannica are apparently making a strong bid for Catholic support of that publication and several letters have been received from readers of AMERICA asking advice and in some cases indicating disagreement with the position taken by communications appearing here. For that reason it may be well to underline the real grievance of Catholics against the work. The publishers themselves do not seem to have grasped the true inwardness of that complaint.

It is true that several articles on Catholic subjects have been written by Catholics. It is also true that on other subjects Catholics have contributed important articles. It is perfectly clear, however, that this in itself does not warrant Catholic support of a work that might contain, as indeed it does, many other articles that are highly objectionable. In fact, the presence of the Catholic articles is rather an aggravation than a recommendation.

An encyclopedia is supposed to be a work of reference, of facts, of information. This information is supposed to be accurate, free from bias, and devoid of personal interpretations as far as possible. It cannot be said that the fourteenth edition of the Britannica in any way measures up to these requirements, any more than its predecessors did. There is a large number of articles on religious subjects that make no mention of the tenets of the chief, and the original, form of Christianity in the world today, the Catholic Church. Subjects of a highly controversial nature, such as the Reformation and the Renaissance, which touch intimately on Catholic history, have been confided to such notorious enemies as G. G. Coulton and J. A. Symonds. Moreover, this attitude is not confined to the Catholic Church. The bases of Christianity itself are undermined: the articles on anthropology, the Bible, comparative religion, philosophy, history, are full of slurs on the Christian Faith, and in the name of "science" Modernism has been allowed full sway. Besides, many articles are entirely one-sided and personal in their pres-

entation, a thing which is entirely out of place in a work of reference, and still less in one which is presented as the fruit of modern scholarship.

The point which was raised by M. J. Riordan in a communication some weeks ago is fundamental. If in the articles on subjects about which we ourselves are informed we find gross inaccuracies and one-sided statements, what confidence can we have in those about which we know little and which we read for information? The best that can be said about the Britannica is that it confirms and perpetuates the Protestant tradition and adds to it the Modernist poison. There are undoubtedly those who prefer their encyclopedias so, but Catholics will form their own opinion of them, and will probably find this one useless, even with the necessary corrective of the Catholic Encyclopedia.

Graft in Our Cities

THE citizens of New York are at present undergoing one of those humiliating experiences that have been the lot of the city in the past, and of many another also. When Chicago was squirming under the ungrateful lime-light some time ago—it still squirms a little—there were not a few among New Yorkers who felt smug and satisfied. Retribution overtook them speedily. Another of our racketeers has been shot mercilessly by "unknown" parties; our political leaders are having their bank accounts examined, and are being asked, in vain, to waive immunity at an examination before the Grand Jury; several of our judges are under investigation for the way they secured nomination from party leaders. Politics, crime, and the courts; add big business and the apathetic voter, and you have all the causes of the obvious breakdown of orderly government in our municipalities.

That there has been petty graft in city departments in many parts of the land has long been known. Any taxpayer who has had to apply to city bureaus for any one of a dozen permissions to which he had a right under the law, and found to his dismay that he had to make gifts to office holders from inspectors all along the line to those higher up before he could secure any action, knows the story thoroughly. But that places in our courts of justice are so eagerly sought after that aspirants are willing to pay large sums for them to the politicians who control the nominations is something that hurts. The average "hard-boiled" citizen will ask: "Why? Nobody pays anything out unless he expects to get something back for it, and with interest. What do they expect to get?"

It comes with perhaps a still greater shock to know that nearly all the things we buy at the corner store or that are delivered at our door have a tax levied on them by private bodies who claim not the right of the law but of the automatic. The increase of prices for commodities caused by the blackmail that is paid by industry before its goods are sold is estimated at about \$40 per capita. Last week a New York newspaper reporter on the *Evening Post* wrote a clear and convincing story

of the various gangs of extortioners, commonly called racketeers, who prey upon the general public in New York. He mentioned names and dates and places of criminals and crimes committed in this fashion. Many other reporters in other cities could do the same. The obvious reflection is that if a reporter could thus openly tell the tale of crime, how can the police be ignorant? The inability of our local governments to control open and unblushing crime is a puzzle.

What is the reason? The reason lies close at hand usually, namely, in the district leader, or ward leader, or ward captain, or whatever other name he has in other cities. It is he who delivers the votes for the organization candidates, and therefore he who has most power in modern cities. In New York it was the district leaders who got control of the city government after the unpalatable dictatorship of Alfred E. Smith was ended by his national defeat, followed by a significant local defeat. If there is protection of the extortioner racketeer, of the brothel, of the gambling place, of the beer racket, look to the district leader; he is the go-between, and in many places the dictator. In some places you will find a still more sinister force at work, and that is the unscrupulous corporation which gets its favors, and they are always many, at the point of a gangster's gun or in the back room of the district club, or in both ways.

What is the remedy? There is no remedy, short of revolution. Our particular kind of revolution is to vote, and not to shoot, though an American university professor recently advocated the latter way. And the voting kind of revolution is a difficult one, for it is the individualist's way of overturning the tyrant, not the mob's way. But until there is a collective conscience operating effectively in the individual through a sense of personal responsibility for the disorder, there is no outlook for our liberation from the crooked politician who rules at present.

A Secretary Errs Again

WHEN the Lutherans petitioned the President for some greeting to their body on the occasion of the four-hundredth anniversary of the reading of the Augsburg confession, he probably handed the letter over to that dignitary whose duty it is to prepare such official communications, with the injunction to write something nice. Thereupon, we may surmise, that important functionary, after some short recollection of what literature he might have read on the matter, wrote, signed, sealed and sent out a letter which put the President in a very bad light. And to the obvious surprise of the President himself, who must once again have cursed his bad luck in the actions of his subordinates, Catholics took offense, when Catholics and all their deeds were probably very far from his mind at the time. But, *cet animal est très méchant, quand on l'attaque, il se défend*: "Here is a very vicious beast; when you attack him he defends himself."

The President's secretary rejoins that the Catholic protest, delivered by the N. C. W. C. through its General

Secretary, the Rev. Dr. John J. Burke, C.S.P., was "an injustice to the President's own sentiments and the complete religious tolerance he has always felt and has always advocated both publicly and privately." This can only mean that Dr. Burke's protest was entirely justifiable, and that the writer of the offending letter, false in tone and in its history, was to be the recipient of a private and complete rebuke. It reveals also in the secretary's mind an utter misunderstanding of the meaning of the protest, and an impenitent attitude on the part of the President as to the real burden of the offense, which was that our highest official saw fit to inject himself into an age-old religious controversy and congratulate one party to that controversy, not on their civic virtues, but on the religious effects of the Reformation, which to 20,000,000 Catholics, and many more besides, were nothing less than a colossal disaster.

It is a disquieting thought that this incident will cause many an unscrupulous campaign manager to rub his hands in glee at an unsought assistance in a campaign that is going badly. It is undoubtedly true that there are men who learned no lesson in 1928 and who are still perfectly willing to use such a legitimate action as Dr. Burke's protest to solidify Protestant action behind their candidates. If this ugly thing raises its head again, it will be the duty of every citizen to strike it down with ruthlessness.

Revolt in South America

THE revolutionary movement that is sweeping South America at present should be a cause of interest for all Americans and particularly for Catholics. The sources of the trouble are not exactly apparent. In many quarters there is a disposition to credit the financial depression. This is scouted by others who claim that revolutions occur, like our own, when the people are prosperous, for when they are needy they have no time to revolt. Some have thought that the unpopularity of the United States had something to do with it; that would account for Peru, whose President was friendly to us, but not for Argentina, whose President was our enemy. But whatever the cause, a deep-seated movement is moving through the continent and it behoves us to examine into it.

There are certain indications that have gone unobserved by the press, though they are on the surface, and it may be well to point them out for what they are worth. In each case it was the army that revolted; in each case it was the professional politician that was aimed at and who suffered. This was true both of Peru and of Argentina; even in Chile, where the revolt was nipped in the bud, the impulse was in the army against the politician. In Brazil the revolt is against the Federal army; in the event of success it would be not unnatural that the armies combined would turn against the victors. In every case, however, the similarity with the Spanish revolution is striking. In Spain, the army just took over the reins of government

and threw out the bungling parliamentary mediocrities who had brought the country to a sad estate. The intellectual influence of Spain in South America is very great, greater than it has ever been, perhaps. The interval of time was just about right for such an influence to operate. The theory is worth examining, that the Latin revolt against parliamentary government has reached its flower in South America.

If the theory is correct, it is a significant thing. For a hundred years democracy has been falsely identified with parliamentary government, in spite of the example of the United States, which has a totally different form of government from those of Europe, the executive here being entirely distinct from the legislative or parliamentary branch. In Europe generally, and particularly in France, Italy and Spain, the parliamentary executive fell into the hands of a small group of cheap and mediocre politicians, who owed their power chiefly to the indifference of the intelligent part of the population, who naturally mismanaged the affairs of State to an incredible degree, and who indulged in graft that would turn the average city corruptionist here green with envy. The first to rise against the bankrupt democracy of Europe was Mussolini with the Fascists. Spain followed shortly after. France, strange to say, for most movements of the sort start there, lagged behind. But France had experienced something that has happened here and in England: power passed out of the hands of the politicians and into those of big business, which controls because it supplies the campaign funds, as ex-Ambassador Gerard pointed out not long ago in his list of our real rulers.

It is not improbable that the example of Spain was not lost on thoughtful South Americans. Spain pointed out the way, and they took it, for in most countries of South America the same thing had happened that had taken place in Europe. "Liberalism," as the corrupt system was called, is finished; lucky for the countries of Europe if their people find it out in time, for the specter of Bolshevism lies behind.

Victims of Zeal

FROM an inaccessible point beyond the Arctic Circle comes news that will deeply shock all those who have followed with devoted attention the adventures of the good ship-of-the-air Marquette, which was bought for the Alaskan Mission by the Marquette League, from the time it was blessed by Bishop Crimont in New York and flown across the country by its future missionary pilot, Brother George Feltes, S.J. A plane that was lovingly designed as a very modern means for furthering the spread of the Gospel of Christ has ended on a frozen field a tangled wreck, and snuffed out the lives of two of the men whom it was intended to help in their missionary labors. One of these lives was that of the very Superior of the Mission, Father Philip Delon, S.J., and of a devoted secular priest from California, Father William F. Walsh, who had volunteered his services for the Frozen North. It is a crushing ending of a glorious dream, and our sympathies are with the dreamers.

But an enlightened mind will see in Fathers Delon and Walsh not martyrs of modern progress, except insofar as that progress is a Moloch that devours its victims, but will hail in them the successors of many a pioneer by sea and land who went before and opened out empires to be conquered by Christ in Asia, Africa and the New World. To all the heroic missionaries of other days, Franciscan, Dominican, Jesuit, and sons of many other Fathers in God, such a fate would have seemed merely an incident in the vast enterprise of carrying the Gospel to the ends of the earth and of performing the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in forbidden lands. What were the hazards of the sea and forest in days gone by would have seemed heavy indeed to us who now dare to travel the air, and large indeed were the losses in human lives which were sustained by shipwreck, pestilence and tomahawk. Others stepped into the places of those who had been stricken in the ranks, and to their heroism many lands owe their civilization, and what is more important, their knowledge of God. These new victims of zeal well deserve the tribute of the *New York Times*: "As Father Marquette was undaunted by the prospect of threading rushing torrents in flimsy canoes, so these Alaskan priests gave no thought to the new perils and willingly offered their lives to their high-minded service."

"The Heartless Rich"

THE root of the present economic troubles was touched by Cardinal O'Connell in his address at High Mass in his Cathedral before the delegates to the Convention of the American Federation of Labor. "My dear men of the Federation of Labor, lift up your hearts," he said, "and ask God to preserve you from the greed of the rich, the heartless rich—not the rich who have plenty and are all the time trying to do something for their neighbor, God bless them—I am talking about the greedy, wealthy, heartless rich, and there are such." Then His Eminence went on to say that the principles upon which the American Federation of Labor was founded are essentially the same as those propounded by Pope Leo XIII in his Encyclical on the Condition of the Working Classes. These principles are those of social justice and of the right of collective bargaining, and the economic system which they imply is one of cooperation between capital and labor, and not the dictatorship of labor, as in Russia, or of capital, as too often happens here.

The warning to both classes was timely. A condition such as we have now, where there is a surplus of hundreds of millions of bushels of wheat and hundreds of thousands of people facing starvation, and where an uncounted value of products is ready for sale and little money to buy them with, comes very close to a breakdown. To thinking people we are faced with a new economic revolution. Any system that cannot feed and clothe its own is bankrupt. Conditions created by the system are in operation now which threaten what Cardinal O'Connell called a "catastrophe." Unless they are grappled with, they will destroy us.

Big Team or Little Team?

LEO RIORDAN

LAST week I set forth in dollars and cents the problem that faces Tiny College when it starts out to have a big football team. At the end of it I said that after the deficit is faced Tiny's difficulties had only just begun.

The greatest difficulty, the one Tiny cannot control, arises in the attitude of the teams Tiny hopes to use as stepping stones in its climb. This difficulty, rarely considered, is, in a practical way, the hurdle that cannot be cleared, however successfully the others are. Indeed, the greater the success in securing athletes and building strong teams, the greater this difficulty becomes.

Bluntly, the attitude of virtually every large college toward a small college football team is this: it is convenient to play small colleges as long as they are safely weak and provide mild opposition in early games where line-up experiments can be made. But once a small college develops strength out of proportion to its normal sports reputation, it becomes a menace. The big college, conceding that it deserves no credit for beating a smaller rival, realizes that it would look ridiculous if the small college should win in an "upset," as the papers call it.

This is a sport maxim: "defeat from a more powerful rival may be passed off; defeat from a team of equal standing may be lived down; but defeat from a lesser known team is disastrous"—and the big college, naturally conservative in such a one-sided risk, guards its sports prestige. Let a small college that has been useful for opening games suddenly hold the score down or otherwise decline to play "dead Indian," and see how quickly it is off the schedule.

Once past opening games (little more than sham battles) big colleges meet teams in their own circle, old rivals preferably. They can schedule a sufficient number of teams in their own class, so what advantage is there in playing a little college with a big team? A big college when arranging a hard game, wants credit for it, and Tiny, with little more than an over-night reputation, even locally, certainly does not fit in, even if it could put up a good game.

Another point: big-college schedules are naturally arranged with an eye to profit. Desirable teams are those with sure headline fame or lesser known teams with a sizable alumni locally or in adjacent cities. Another obstacle. Tiny can possibly treble its team strength in three years, but it cannot treble its alumni, and the general following it might attract is never dependable.

Tiny is now at the crossroads all Tinys inevitably reach. Even if it should manage to schedule one big college and hold the score low or win, the others, forewarned, would be doubly on their guard.

Unable to go ahead, unwilling to turn back, Tiny is at a standstill with expenses still mounting. What usually results—all sports observers have seen it—is that the Tinys are forced to schedule each other and a grim battle

for the slight foothold they have on football fame, however relative, begins. Should any one Tiny manage to defeat the rest, it is then only the best of the Tinys and so much the more undesirable to the big colleges.

What the Tinys fail to realize is that teams other than the pioneers in football have reached their present eminences by a slow ascent, during which a long time had to be allowed for traditions to take root and grow around now important games. Traditional background cannot be a quick growth. Once the Tinys try to climb, they must abandon whatever of traditional rivalry value there was in their schedules when they played teams in their own class.

Leaving Tiny's team battling the other Tinys, because small colleges in the vicinity do not relish sure defeat and the big colleges do not relish even the risk, let us consider finances as the fifth season approaches. The third season, requiring new equipment, was more expensive; the fourth only slightly less so, since by this time Tiny has been forced to go a distance to secure rivals. This has meant larger guarantees for home games, higher expenses for travel to away games. Although Tiny's publicity man has labeled these games with other Tinys as "inter-sectional," the sports world knows the status of this type of team—there is an amazingly fast and complete "grapevine" system always at work among coaches, athletic officials and close followers of the sport. Such teams are said to be "loaded."

Plainly such teams have no magnetic appeal to the man who attends a football game merely because he likes the game. This general public in no way connected with the college is Tiny's main source of revenue, since its alumni is not numerically strong enough to represent a large element in the revenue. What is more, the general public likes its football "dressed up" with bands and other pomp and circumstance, all of which is highly expensive. And the general public must be coaxed into attending the games—and that takes years.

With the one chance for large revenue, the big colleges, gone, Tiny will, by the conclusion of the fifth season in which the deficit might be less than that of the previous years, but would probably be more, face a deficit of nearly \$45,000, including interest on past deficits, etc. With a season that will "break even" not yet reached, there is plainly no hope of reducing the debt. The sane plan is that of trying to keep the growth of the football team proportionately up to the pace of expansion of the enrolment, and not that of trying to develop a team stronger than the enrolment would warrant, in the expectancy that the enrolment would catch up.

How long Tiny could afford to continue this losing policy would depend on actual conditions, but eventually the bubble would have to burst and, like the other Tinys, it would drop back into its own class. Then would come slim years in which even the modest outlay of pre-boom

years would have to be curtailed because of the debt. In more than a financial way, this is depressing to a college student and doubly so to the alumni.

While it is difficult in actual practice to keep in the middle of the road between "over-emphasis" and "under-emphasis," as these terms might apply to a small college, some provision should be made to keep team strength at a reasonable level. A series of defeat-scarred seasons breaks the morale of the players and tends to stifle college spirit. Students do not demand victory, but repeated defeats where their team is hopelessly outclassed produces a condition of affairs that can no longer be called sport.

Losing teams, even in a series, will not generally reduce a student body or check normal growth (I have studied several cases of the exact opposite) but it might almost be said that it would be better to abandon football than to conduct it on a scale where the team has no chance of competing on anything like an equal basis. A team able to make a presentable go of it, winning reasonably often, but rarely beaten by a huge score, will, all things being equal, keep football in its proper perspective.

Although not precisely within the "dollars-and-cents" scope of this paper, the theory that a winning team increases the enrolment might be considered briefly. The impression will not stand investigation. Take the outstanding college football teams in any class or section as one standard and their enrolment as another, and see if any ratio can be evolved. Carry it back five years or so, trace the rise or fall of the football teams over that period, try to find any corresponding fluctuation in enrolment. Several of the nation's largest colleges have mediocre teams, several of the relatively smaller ones have much superior teams. In spite of my desire to prove this point, I was forced to admit there is no connection between teams and enrolment.

As to the publicity possibilities, it must be remembered that publicity can be harmful as well as helpful. Many of the Tins have learned this to the dismay of the faculty and the more conservative alumni. As to its lasting value, any sports writer could name a dozen Tins which flared up for a brief moment before the World War, or even since, whose names mentioned to this generation of college and high-school athletes evoke no recognition. Like the ships that pass in the night, they leave no impression.

THE OLD BARD SPEAKS

Like autumn winds that rustle in the leaves,
I bind my mellowed fancies into sheaves
Of studied rhymes. My happiness and fears
Strike like the muffled gongs of dying years.

Here are the dreams of vanished yesterdays
Swept down the lonely, heart-deep valley ways,
Like tumble-weed along the desert blown
By winds that keen with melancholy moan.

Here in the timid songs that I have sung,
The sounds of silenced bells that have been rung
Echo in measures sadly out of tune.

My lute is old and cracked. I must release it soon.

J. R. N. MAXWELL.

Sweden and Its Religion

JAMES W. LANE

IN Lutheran Sweden the religious-minded traveler will find that Protestantism has hardened into a prevailingly rigid mould, except perhaps at Upsala, the largest cathedral and university town in Sweden. The Cathedral, reputed to have been planned by Etienne de Bonneville of Paris in 1287, has a finely proportioned interior which is reminiscent of the narrow, high-vaulted nave of Ely. It is the seat of the one archbishopric of the kingdom, which may be why there is a leaning there towards the High Church. However this may be, the fact is that at different ceremonies, for instance, at the burial services for the late Queen, Archbishop Söderblom has worn beautifully embroidered vestments, like those of Catholics. He has also been tolerant to the idea, propounded by Cardinal Mercier and a delegation of Belgian Catholics a number of years ago, of allowing Catholics to celebrate a mass in Upsala Cathedral in honor of the memory of Archbishop Ulfsson. Ulfsson was the last Catholic archbishop of Sweden (he died in 1522) and he founded the new great University. But this idea of Mercier's, so relevant to the brotherhood of both mankind and all its sects, were overborne, since Luther still rules the public conscience of religious Sweden.

Even our very intelligent guide to Upsala and to Skokloster Castle and Church was an example of this. He told me at one point that when abroad in France he could never go into the ruins of convent or monastery without feeling that the dark eye of Catholicism would rest upon him and be a black plague over him thereafter. At another point he focussed my attention upon an appealing face among the many portraits in the gallery at Skokloster, identifying it as that of the sister of one of the kings who had driven out the Catholics. It has always been a popular scandal that she herself was afterwards converted to Rome. The guide did not extenuate the matter nor mince words. To him she was just a villainess and nothing more. Those of his countrymen who are not Catholics (and there are only 2,000 of the Faith in Sweden, which accounts for there being only two Catholic churches in Stockholm and only one in Gothenburg, the second largest city) have the ever-present fear that the Catholics are trying to get in again. But it is a long time since 1527, when Gustav Vasa accepted the Reformation, and it is said that he probably accepted it less from religious conviction than because he wanted the money to be had by taking over all Catholic buildings.

The Catholic families left in Sweden, of which the nobles, particularly the Hamiltons and the Douglasses, descendants of the original Scottish settlers, form the majority, are very few. The faint scattering of crucifixes and Madonnas to be still found in Sweden, like those in the old convent church of Vreta or in the Blue Church of St. Birgitta (Bridget) at Vadstena (incidentally, one of the loveliest bits of architecture in Northern Europe) shows that they are only kept as antiquarian relics. The ritual has long become thoroughly Lutheranized and the altars, if allowed to stand at all, are mere show cases.

It is rather difficult to accustom oneself to certain other anomalies in Swedish churches. At Upsala, for instance, the tomb of a lay hero, Linnaeus, the "king of botany," is sought after far more than the tomb of Swedenborg, which is also there. Indeed Sweden is not Swedenborgian. Many a serious-minded Scandinavian has never heard of him and many an educated one does not know what he stands for. This, if one comes to ponder it, is characteristic of Lutheranism. Lutheranism will have naught of either science, that is, Christian Science, or of traditional religion, that is, Catholicism. It is respectable and likes its middle ground.

Is respectability inimical to deep religion and to church attendances? Certainly the religion proffered in Sweden is deep, being Calvinism, but do the people take it seriously? I have attended only one Lutheran service, which was an evening service, in Sweden and for lack of directer knowledge will quote what Harry A. Franck says about Swedish churches in his excellent book, "A Scandinavian Summer":

It is queer until you think the matter through, that Stockholm is still building big and beautiful churches when religion seems so small a part in Swedish daily life, especially in the capital. There are fewer people, especially men, at church on Sundays than in the Protestant strata of our land. In country churches it is no uncommon thing for the minister to face a congregation of one.

Mr. Franck went to the same church in Stockholm that I attended, Engelbrektskyrkan, named after a Swedish warrior who once repelled the Danish invaders. Contrast with it the Catholic church of St. Erik in Stockholm, named after that never-canonized Saint, one of whose most celebrated acts of piety when king was to refuse to have the Mass he was attending interrupted so that he might fight the Danes. The Engelbrekt Church, however, is one of the architectural masterpieces of Sweden and, with the Town Hall, one of the grandest sights of modern construction. It is entirely up-to-date in spirit, inside and out, and is splendidly adapted to its high site. Interesting parabolic arches support the nave, delicately cut and gilded iron clouds are suspended therefrom, and concrete is merged with brickwork with the inimitable subtlety which the Danes, the Dutch, and the Swedes seem alone to possess. But the curious thing which I find with Mr. Franck is that this marvelous building, one of the ninety or so churches in Stockholm (which are yearly being increased by others), is so scantily attended.

The nature- and exercise-loving Swedes do not, then, go to church but they must all pay church tithes. The churches are thus well supported financially and there is, as I understand it, no regular Sunday collection. The King, curiously enough, is the head of the Church. Because people of no religious conviction feel that the church tithe should not be exacted of them, they—the Socialists and working class, chiefly—advocate a separation of Church and State.

From the point of view of one who has been used to the spiritual fervor of the Latin and the Celtic, and also the Slavic, races, the reserve with which religion is hedged in Sweden is interesting. Undoubtedly there are religious

aims in Sweden, although with the exception of Selma Lagerlöf no great modern Swedish writer can be called religious in the literal sense. Nor is there religious feeling in Swedish painting. In Ibsen, too, one remembers, religion was to be sought for in vain. The Salvation Army is well represented and does a good work. Perhaps if generalizations, I hope not too glib, may help us, we can gain our understanding of this detachment from religion by looking at the Swedish character.

The Swedes are quiet, efficient, industrious, polite, unimaginative, and very up-and-doing in their knowledge of practical affairs. They know how to make the best of their long and rigorous winters; they have trotting-races on the ice and have constructed in many places huge herbaria of semi-tropical plants and gay flowers. Upon fervor and upon worship, as a Catholic conceives them, they look askance. What a pity they are so immersed in the practical that a sense of the spiritual has been downed!

Yet the Swedish soul is compact of natural goodness. Burglaries and petty dishonesties are almost unknown and it is only as places like some fashionable restaurants and some far too modern business establishments have become corrupted that this fair name for integrity is being tarnished. The Swedes have found nature more propitious to them than did the dour Norwegians. They have a continual sense of power over her. One of their finest statues is a nude man, Carl Milles' Hymn to the Sun. Indeed it is small wonder, considering the fertility of their farming and dairy land, that they make this glorification of nature. They have that honest rugged feeling which in places one sees expressed by *Si Deus pro nobis quis contra nos?* (If God is for us, who is against us?) Nor do they mean to suggest by it either bellicosity or arrogance. They have no Junkerism at all.

This prevalence of, first, sun-worship and then, worship of Odin, with the attendant horrors of phallic and blood-letting orgies, existed well into the twelfth century. Even after King Olaf began the work of Christianizing Sweden, Baal or Beelzebub was still widely adored. Priests were then considered "wizards" and as such hated. Our guide to Skokloster had fallen heir to the same prejudice. But when it is remembered that Sweden has had Christianity for only 700 years and had Catholicism for only 300, the mixture of heathenism and evangelism will be understood. Lund, the last outpost of Scandinavian Catholicism in the Reformation, was the center of the sacred groves of the sun worship and also the center of Swedish Christianity.

If unmolested, the Swede is peaceful, as his last hundred years of peace attest. He has had his little altercation with the Norwegians and separation was probably better. The excitable, poetic, and pious Finns are also a separate ethnological entity. And this, too, is right. The Swedes thus pursue their own bent, calm, resourceful, in a sort of backwater of the spirit. In Visby, for instance, on the now commerce-forsaken island of the Baltic, deserted except for tourists and a small population of native Gotlanders, the inhabitants are genial *flâneurs*. They mend their nets and repair the drains and roofs of their houses—after arising at eleven or twelve o'clock

in the forenoon. Despite lingering examples in Sweden of the old Viking ardor, of the Thor and Odin worship, the present generations are peaceful. They are intrinsical-

ly good and upstanding; admirable, law-abiding citizens. On what better ground could be sown, if properly scattered, the seeds of a race capable of true nobility?

Beggar Woman

GRACE H. SHERWOOD

THE door bell rang just as I had finished pouring the tea in my cup for my solitary lunch so I set the pot down and went to answer it. As I neared the door I saw, through the panel, that the person who had rung it was a woman, well on to middle age.

"Some tiresome canvasser," I thought, impatiently, it must be confessed, my tea getting cold behind me. "My lunch will be spoiled before I can get rid of her." But I was mistaken. She was not selling anything—except herself.

"Good-morning, Mom. Would you be so good as to oblige a poor woman with a few pennies, please?" She did not whine it but said it in a quiet, business-like voice and stopped, offering neither the poor-widow tale nor the things for sale which, as a rule, accompanied requests like this.

I know my face betrayed my surprise. The frank request was a shock. Pins, needles, shoe strings, aprons, furniture polish and what not, yes, but begging? After all the drives made against the thing I had almost come to believe the empty-handed mendicant at one's door an extinct type. This one evidently took my pause of surprise as a good omen, for she said immediately, as if my giving was a foregone conclusion and the amount to be given the only thing left to be settled.

"I'm not asking you for much, Mom, and I'm not asking you to buy aprons and caps you have no use for. Remember *that*, Mom!" It seemed she had read my thoughts!

At this I warmed to her instantly. The frankness of it! It was nonsensical of me, no doubt? She was not too old to work. She had decent, if shabby, clothes and, so far, she had offered no explanation of why she was holding me up for my small change. But she carried her head gallantly and looked me straight in the eye! And only that morning the string of an apron I had bought at the door the week before came off in my hand as I went to tie it. So I stepped to the china closet and made the cracked pitcher disgorge the new money I had been saving for something else.

She thanked me but not effusively. Say, rather, as one might thank an employer for a wage honestly earned. And with the thanks said she was about to turn away but I detained her. She interested me, somehow.

"Wouldn't you like a glass of water?" I hazarded.

"I would *that*, Mom," she replied, heartily. "What with talking so much and the day being hot and dusty my throat is as dry as a bone."

I went back to the dining room for the water and my eye fell on the lunch table. An idea took possession of me. Well, and why not? Lunching alone is, to say the least, a lonesome job. I went back to the door.

"Wouldn't you rather have a cup of tea instead?" I asked, hopefully.

"I would *that*, Mom." She said it with the inflection women keep in their voices for tea. But she stood still, stood tranquilly on the door mat. I was obliged to be explicit.

"I mean inside, with me," I explained. I was really agitated, for a moment, wondering how she would take it. She was so evidently a person who had her own code and lived by it.

But she did not refuse. Nor did she accept with any self-deprecatory thanks. That would have made me regret the invitation instantly. Instead, she stepped in, simply, with the self-possession proper to a guest. She was rugged but not uncouth. There was a quaint, native way of being at ease about her which was delightful. The manner in which she settled herself in the chair which I indicated to her proved that. Except for the directions about the chair neither of us had said anything since coming to the table. However, the friendly stream of tea pouring into her cup seemed to loosen the string of her tongue. Watching it, she said, slowly:

"You be wondering, Mom, maybe, why I'm askin' for money. I'm beholdin' to you that you ain't asked me why. (*Two lumps, Mom, thank you, and cream. I don't get them every day!*) And I'm beholdin' to you, too, Mom, that you opened the door to me. You wouldn't believe, Mom, how many there is—and they calls themselves *ladies*, too—that puts their heads out the window and yells to me, 'Don't ring that bell!' What have they got bells for if they don't want them rung? I ask you that, Mom! I tell you there's nobody ought to envy me *my* job! It's no easy one!"

"But I thought—you asked—that is—you didn't say anything about—about *work*," I floundered. Maybe I had not understood. Perhaps she was collecting for some charity.

My extraordinary visitor set down her tea cup and took up her defense.

"And what else would you call it, then, Mom?" she challenged. "If getting up at the crack of day to give the father his dish of tea and settin' the place to rights so it'll be nice and cheerful for the old man while I'm gone and then settin' out and trampin' the streets till two in the afternoon, if that ain't *work*, then tell me what is?" I was speechless. "And takin' people's impudence and their scraps and puttin' up with their advice? I tell you, Mom, and you can believe it or not as you choose, but there's days like this when I has to go to these here suburbs with their porches and their long stylish walks, that my legs aches me so what with climbin' and walkin' that I'm all tuckered out when quittin' time comes."

I caught at the expression *quitting time* indicative of regular employment, and used it as a wedge to get into the conversation again.

"Quitting time," I repeated, anxious to have the enigma solved. "Then you do this for some one else?"

She took a big draught of tea and swallowed it tranquilly.

"I do that, Mom," and she nodded her head, emphatically. "I have my father to take care of. He's nigh to a hundred years old, too. And I keeps him fine, too. Fed up and washed and brushed as slick as a pin."

I hadn't a doubt of it. The honest pride in her voice would have convinced me if I had needed proof. But proofs were not necessary, somehow, with this remarkable woman. I found myself believing every word she told me. But *why* this living without work, this parasitism, to borrow the phrase so pat on our tongues, nowadays? I just had to find out why!

"Haven't you ever tried to get some work to do, work like plain sewing—or, say, light cleaning?" I ventured, timidly. It sounded presumptuous, now that I had said it. As if this capable woman needed *my* advice!

She looked at me in the way one looks at a child one is about to instruct.

"Mom, they is the very words my parson says to me, one time. And I says to him, 'What? *Me* go to work and leave my old father by himself the livelong day, with no lunch and no one to take him out for his little walk in the sun of afternoons? Never a sould to light his pipe for him after lunch or fix him comfortable in his easy chair afterwards? And make, maybe, *half* of what I make this way, when I can knock off every blessed day at two o'clock? And then be laid off, likely enough, in hard times. Not for *me*!' I say and means it. 'There's never a sould misses the few cents they gives me,' I says. 'I don't trouble the same block more'n once a year,' I says. 'I ain't harmin' a sould in the world,' I says. 'I supports meself and father *honestly*,' I says, 'and I holds my head high and asts no favors from nobody except them in my regular way of business and *my* business is never slack. They's them that works day in and day out and yet comes down on the church for their coal which the church can't say of *me*, Parson,' I says, pointed-like but respectful. 'I'm a hard-working, respectable woman and me and mine is no trouble to anybody but my customers and I'd be beholdin' to everybody to leave me be,' I says, 'Meanin' no offense to you, Parson,' I says."

I drained my cup, hastily. And fell to upon the lunch, passing the tomatoes and ham and bread. There wasn't really anything I *could* say, after that, was there? Besides, stated by her, this theory of hers that she supported herself and her father by *work* was astoundingly convincing. But I had to get to the bottom of how the idea came to her. She had not always done it, surely.

"Now, yes," I ventured, after a moment, when the Anne Arundel tomatoes had got in their luscious work. "I gather that your father would suffer if you left him alone all day—now. But there must have been a time—" I did not get to finish the sentence.

"Now you've said something!" she burst out emphati-

cally. "Sure, there was a time! When him and me both had our bank books and close to five thousand on them, between us. An' the little house where we lives yet all paid for! We was sittin' pretty, then, I tells you! Mom!" she exclaimed, suddenly, laying down her fork and looking me straight in the eye, "Did you ever have a bank to bust on you?"

"Gracious, no," I exclaimed, thunderstruck.

"An' I hope to God you never will!" she answered, not profanely, in spite of the words. "That's what drove me to *this*," and she indicated her worn purse on the table. "The old gentleman took to his bed when he heard all his money was gone and mine, too. He ain't ever been the same since, been so as I could leave him all day to go to the mill like I used to do afore it happened. An' if what I'm doin' is *wrong* (only I say it *ain't*) I'd like to know who's to blame for it? Me, that's trying to take care of a broken-down old man, *right* or them rascally scoundrels that busted the bank—yes, scoundrels, that's what they are? I asks you, Mom?"

She didn't expect any verbal reply because, with the words, she set her tea cup on its saucer with the finality that means a meal is over. Plainly, my guest was anxious to get back to "business." So I led the way to the door. As she went out she stopped to thank me for the tea, "an' for listenin' to me politely," she added, soberly. Evidently, she valued that as highly as the food I had offered her.

"You will stop in again?" I asked, tentatively, as we paused for a moment. "Soon?"

She shook her head, with a smile. "Thank you, Mom, for askin' me, but as I said, I don't go in the same block but once a year. It's not myself that will be making a nuisance of my business. But this time *next* year, if the Lord lets us live an' nothin' happens—" With the smile still on her face, she tripped down the porch steps and was off. I never saw her again.

Later, sitting in a Franciscan convent, chatting with a brown-robed nun, the talk fell, as it was bound to do in such a place, upon beggar women. On an impulse I sketched in, briefly, this experience of mine with the beggar woman who had upset all my previous conceptions of mendicancy. The nun listened, thoughtfully.

"A beggar woman came to the convent once, in winter," she said, after a moment, "with no coat. She said she knew how to sew, could make herself a coat if only she could get some goods. It was snowing outside," the nun added, simply.

"How dreadful!" I exclaimed. "And you with your vow of poverty! Whatever did you do?"

The nun smiled reminiscently. "I went upstairs and cut her off a piece of habit cloth, enough to make a coat. It isn't done, you know, handing out the convent habit cloth to outsiders. But I had to do it. I was afraid St. Francis wouldn't like it if I didn't. He loves beggars, you know."

Ever since I have been wondering if St. Francis, up in heaven, did not have a warm corner in his heart for *my* beggar woman who had to work so hard loosening people's purse strings because her own riches had vanished.

Our Islands Go to School

LEO A. CULLUM, S.J.

THE recent Eucharistic Congress of Manila was eloquent of the depth of faith that is still to be found in the Philippine Islands. That such a demonstration was possible after the buffeting of the past thirty years speaks well for the work of those who evangelized those islands and augurs well for the future of the Catholic Church there. But if the Eucharistic Congress was articulate of what is right with the Philippines, another recent event was no less expressive of what is wrong there. Americans have a tendency to look complacently on the neat public schools that dot the land, on the bustling harbors, and on the network of smooth roads that link the provinces, and to chant Jack Horner-wise, "What a good boy am I!" That material prosperity has followed in the train of American occupation is beyond dispute. But there was another camp follower who was a less desirable citizen.

Last year's strike of 10,000 high-school students in Manila caused considerable newspaper comment in this country. And well it might, for even in this land of the violent undergraduate, such a stroke for liberty is not unworthy of note. The occasion of the flare-up was a remark made by an American teacher in Manila North High School, who cast certain aspersions upon the Filipino race. Truly no one can blame the listeners for becoming indignant. But the violence and duration of the protest were unhealthy. Even discounting the numbers which mob psychology and terrorism added to the rebels (and in all such movements this fraction is large) the episode must still be considered serious. For it was a manifestation of a spirit that has long worried those who esteem the people of our eastern possession. To these observers the uprising caused dismay but no surprise, for it was the logical expression of tendencies long recognized in the products of our vaunted education system.

When the American Government gained control of the Philippine Islands, one of its first acts was to institute a school system. As Worcester proudly puts it: "Wherever our flag was raised, a public school was soon established, the soldiers often serving as teachers, and the moral effect of this upon the Filipinos was great." When one considers the chaotic state of affairs that obtained in 1901, the time Worcester speaks of, it is obvious that any measures which restored order were bound to effect moral improvement. Especially is this clear when one examines the writer's concept of moral improvement and finds that by it he means systematization of truck gardening, weaving and manual labor; a saner estimate of "white collar" jobs; a more reasonable attitude toward sanitation and disease prevention and finally (and by an anticlimax) the increasing substitution for cock fighting of the great American game. But that the total moral effect of the new public-school system was beneficial is not true and of course could not be true. If the public school is an anomaly in this country, in which a diluted Christianity is

the accepted religion, and consequently the basis of morality, what must be said of its position in a country which even to this day is over ninety-per-cent Catholic?

Anyone who has read AMERICA even casually has a pretty clear knowledge of what the public school is. It is at best without religion and at worst hostile to religion. And when we say that it is without religion, we say that it is without morality, for whatever practices it teaches conformable to the moral law are merely conventions and as fragile as conventions must be in private life. Morality without the motivation of religion is a ship that has lost its propeller. Sheer inertia keeps it going. But such morality can no more persevere in the face of opposition than the floundering ship can buck a head wind.

At the end of the first year of American dominion there were 765 American teachers at work. In that group we have an important determinant of the Philippines of today. For thirty years they and their successors and their pupils have formed the youth of the Philippine Islands.

Under these teachers education was an unceasing effort at Americanization, namely an effort to pump Filipino youth full of what was supposed to be the American philosophy of life. The teachers were filled with ideas of the "white man's burden" and heavy among its constituents was the duty to free the Filipino people from their medieval old-world concept of submissive citizenship. It is true, the propagandists had a plausible case. Spain had doubtless ruled the islands with a heavy hand and had withheld from the inhabitants many rights which were in justice theirs. But the recoil was distressing. There began a thoughtless insistence on liberty of speech, liberty of press, freedom of assembly. These were the God-given rights, which the American Eagle and Old Glory had flung across the Pacific to preserve.

Unfortunately the propagators of these rights did not (as they frequently do not in the United States) know what liberty of speech and liberty of press and the other articles of our Bill of Rights really meant. They were catchwords that had always sounded well on the Fourth of July and, anyhow, any old stick was good enough with which to cudgel the old regime. Liberty of speech, in many cases, was interpreted as the right to say anything; liberty of the press was the license to print anything. It was the same with the other gr-r-r-eat inalienable rights which were misrepresented as part of our constitutional guarantees. No very deep study of the science of government would have been needed to discover that nowhere (not even in the land of the free) can a man say or print or do whatever he pleases. The first policeman will convince the inquirer of that. But for those to whom was entrusted the task of educating the young Filipinos, the falsehood was unguessed.

Needless to say, a favorite locus of perfervid appeal was freedom of worship. The idea of an authoritative religion whose teaching was to be received without doubt

and whose commands were to be obeyed without murmur, was repellent. The old Church may have been all right in the days of the old economy: an iron church in an iron empire. But in America every man was king and every man a pope. It was incompatible with the new liberties to bow the head to a foreign dictator. All the old fables about Catholicism were brought out from dusty cabinets for the wide-open eyes of this new audience. The prestige of the most powerful nation in the world was behind the campaign. It seemed that it was the mighty Uncle Sam himself who spoke, and his voice echoed amid the alluring tinkle of gold and the impressive thunder of dreadnoughts. Non-Catholicism was spread, sometimes by direct attack, more often by *obiter dicta*, veiled sneers, and especially by example. So deep was the impression made that even to this day it is a matter of surprise for Filipinos to learn that there are 20,000,000 Catholics, real Americans, in the United States; and an American priest until very recently has been something of a square circle. This was the form that freedom of worship took. It succeeded in making many bad Catholics, few good Evangelicals. The final result in too many cases was indeed freedom of religion—freedom from all religion.

All this was not the result of a deliberate conspiracy. It was the natural outcome of a system which sent teachers into a country whose every ideal and idea they found alien and unintelligible. It must be said in fairness that many of these teachers were upright men and women, but they were convinced that behind beri-beri, leprosy, illiteracy and cock-fighting, somehow or other, was the abomination that was Rome, and that the best interests of the Philippines demanded severance of those ties that bound the inhabitants to the Catholic Church. There is no need to impugn their motives. The objective fact is that they were purveyors of falsehood. A man well versed in affairs in the Philippines said recently: "No one will ever estimate the damage done behind the walls of the public schools by the Evangelical marm."

Cheek by jowl with these American teachers were the returning *pensionados*, who imbibed our choicest vagaries at our choicest universities and who returned to their country convinced that the irreligion and license, which they had heard from the platform and rubbed elbows with on the campus, were real Americanism. It must be said for the American teachers that in many cases they were sincere Christians, who at least left God in His heavens and Jesus Christ at His right hand. They were parts of an irreligious system. Not a few, motivated by private zeal, felt it their duty to uproot the old "superstitions" that lay in wait for the foot of progress. But they never denied that at least in those two fundamental beliefs the Catholic Church was right. Truly this symbolon, once the Catholic Church was gone, was meager enough reason for righteousness. But even that went in the new onslaught. The *pensionados* (and, in passing, with them the imported American university dons) did not even observe this laudable reticence with regard to fundamentals. Evolution, Materialism, Sex, quickly permeated higher education and soon the University of the (Catholic!) Philippines became the fountain of utterances, of which, had they ap-

peared over his name, our most radical American educator need not have been ashamed.

With these groups providing a spicy pabulum, it is not surprising that the young generation kicks up its heels. The unrestrained liberty of which they have heard so long is being reduced to practice. And who among their preceptors can logically say them nay? As we have remarked, there was occasion for indignation in the high-school teacher's jibe, but the form the protest took partakes too much of the activities of Red Russia to cause no concern to those who have at heart the good of the Filipino youth.

There seems to be no question, either, that the strike was a repercussion of the murder of a Filipino in California and of the "Humiliation Day" meeting of Manila. In this regard it was a manifestation of a form of patriotism no less common in the Philippines than elsewhere. This patriotism is not a result of American indoctrination, but certainly we have done nothing to correct it. That blind enthusiasm for the nation, which is considered as imposing its will upon all and to be protected above all, has found no less ardent support in the archipelago than it has in the rest of the world, where nationalism has become a religion. Its introduction was the work of those revolutionary leaders who had received their education in Germany, France and Spain, and who returned imbued with radical ideas on the relative position of nation and individual. This feeling has lost nothing of its wild fervor by listening to the Decatur brand of philosophy, which, since American occupation, has been a very prevalent heresy of the insular classroom. "My country; may she be right! But right or wrong (that is, but she cannot be wrong), my country," has been buzzed through the land with a conviction that would never lead one to suspect that the principle enunciated is about as stupid an utterance as is chronicled in the pages of history. The result is that voices break and lips tremble no less passionately and no less unintelligently over "the palm-fringed shores," than we have been accustomed to hear them these many years over this "stern and rockbound coast."

Daniel O'Connell has a very pertinent remark in a diary he kept as a law student. He says: "True patriotism is a principle, not a passion." There seems to be no doubt at all that behind half the agitation, of which the school strike was an outcropping, lies this sentimental patriotism. No one can object to a certain element of sentiment in patriotism, but the blind flag-waving sort of thing that has become the manner of modern nationalism is an unhealthy fiction. And when one says this, one need not prejudge the issue of Filipino independence. There is a lot more to be said for Filipino independence than most people think. And one can sympathize with Manuel Briones' appeal that the issue should not be decided on economic grounds alone. But neither should it be decided or urged or propagated on sentimental grounds alone.

But we must not digress on the vast subject of independence. Our point is that if there is anything wrong with the young people of the Philippines (and there is plenty wrong with them no less than with young America) the bill must in great measure be sent to Uncle Sam. The Philippines have imported along with our educational

system the false philosophy that pervades it. By taking religion out of the schools and by putting in its place an erroneous ideal of liberty and a godless conception of morality, we have succeeded in reproducing exactly those conditions which have responsible leaders agog in our own United States. We have given to the Filipinos fads and fashions instead of a rational concept of life. The decline of reason and the predominance of sentiment are at the root of the revolt of youth. The Filipinos have been furnished meaningless catchwords instead of principles, and we cannot blame them if they turn the catchwords into war cries.

PORCH LIGHTS

There are lights like a hundred torches
Beating the dark aside,
That gleam from friendly porches,
And some must be denied.

How many more are needed
In storm, and cold, and rain?
How many go unheeded
By those who come not again?

These are the signs men know
Of warmth, and rest, and peace;
These are the tokens that glow
For a night, or a year, then cease.

So I for the shadowed walk,
And a step to the darkened room;
Where love will softly talk,
And scatter the idle gloom.

And I for the light that lives
In the beat of your heart to mine;
Not alone the light that gives
But a symbol of love, and a sign.

NORBERT ENGELS.

AUTUMN

The time of year has recompense for me,
And in a field of goldenrod, the amber light
Of afternoon plays in myriad beams of ecstasy.
Off yonder some belated birds flash wings in flight.
This may be close of year, I know of dying,
For there are melancholy voices in the air,
And there are, heavenward, souls of flowers flying,
And trailing gossamer is floating everywhere.
Water seems bluer seen from hills afar,
Bluer and calmer and these slopes are tanned,
And in the purpling west by night hangs one clear star,
I think that it is Hesperus, and the pulsing land,
Releasing heat of summer, mists the silver shell
Of autumn moon that, rising above the trees,
With steady climb, bodes that all is well.
Yet there is coldness in the errant breeze
That sends the dry leaf scurrying o'er the ground.
A barn bulges with its clover load,
And somber shadows sleep the wood around.
And by the borders of the gray, dust road,
Blue and crimson, mauve and fawn and white,
Violet and scarlet wave the flowers of Fall,
The immortelles, the hardy and the bright,
And in the twilight comes one faint call.
In purple clusters wild grapes bursting hang
Along old, rail fences, blood-like wine adrip,
And perhaps it was a lingering yellow breast that sang
All in the golden haze before his winter trip.
Autumn in gorgeous vestments so arrayed,
And beauty lingering like an accolade.

CLARENCE P. MILLIGAN.

Sociology

A Gangless Country

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

ON or about the twenty-ninth day of September, your home-town paper may have carried a reference to Mr. Hoover's report on crime. This Mr. Hoover is not the President, but J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the bureau of investigation of the Department of Justice. The bulletin containing this report sets forth a number of items, not one of which can be considered flattering. In the aggregate, they make some of us wonder what can be done, not so much to further civilization in this country, as to check the army of criminals who are tearing it down.

We are informed by Mr. Hoover that the first six months of the present year show a steady upward climb in the volume of crime, "from petty theft to murder." For August, Chicago reports thirty-nine murders, Philadelphia, thirteen; Detroit and Cincinnati, eleven each. Crimes against property have reached a magnitude which indicates that these disorders have in fact, and not by way of metaphor, assumed the nature of a carefully organized business. As the report covers 772 cities in forty-four States, it is quite representative of the country as a whole.

By way of contrast, Henry Wales writes in the *Chicago Tribune* for September 28, of France, "a nation without a single gang." The headline is startling, and the article discloses that it is not literally true. There are gangs in France, but they are few in number, and practically all their members are what we should call "stool pigeons." As a reward for turning over valuable information to the police, they are permitted to indulge in various minor or ferial disorders, and are promptly thrown in jail when they venture into the higher range of crime. But organized crime, as it is understood in this country, simply does not exist in France.

The late Mr. Dooley thought that the French were a gay and tumultuous people, much given to the practice of lapping absinthe out of small tubs; but they place definite limits upon their supposed wickedness. They assuredly would stand aghast at the thought of criminals going out to their daily work in heavy-armored and high-powered cars, sustained by the reflection that should a gendarme interfere, they would be quickly sprung by a battery of expensive lawyers, complaisant judges, and a banking house with a profitable side business in bail bonds for crooks and gunmen. The thing simply isn't done, and it isn't done, because the French simply won't have it.

Therein we differ from the French. To read the account of the preliminary arraignment of an American rascal, one might almost think our statutes drawn up with the idea of extending protection—somewhat after the manner of a tariff schedule—to a young and struggling industry.

It seems that once upon a time there actually was a gang in France. The police still speak of it as scientists would when discussing megatheria, dinosauri, and other interesting beasts and birds which once roamed in the neighborhood of the present Messrs. Cook's chief office

in Paris. This gang is known as the Bonnot band; it began in 1912 and ended in the same year. These desperate ruffians, eight or nine in number, reached a climax when they held up an ancient bank messenger in Paris and robbed him of about \$3,600. Then they went out to Fontainebleau, stole an automobile, drove to Chantilly, and looted a bank. The day's work done, they returned to Nogent-sur-Marne, and celebrated the occasion with a proper amount of *vin rouge*.

But an automobile was a bit of a curiosity for country folk in those days, and the poor dupes might just as well have rattled to Chantilly in a circus callopie, with all the stops pulled out. The argus-eyed chief of police had no great difficulty in picking up the trail, therefore, and it led him and his gendarmes to the door of Bonnot's shack, where the band was summoned to surrender in the name of the Republic. They met this reasonable demand with a volley, and two of the police fell. A siege of three days ensued, but finally the police secured a 75-millimetre gun, and with three volleys blew the Bonnot gang and the house with it out of existence. Heroic treatment, this, but—name of a cabbage!—what would you?

"That ended gangs in Paris," concludes Mr. Wales. "There has not been one since." The business of being a gangster is too dangerous. With us, however, it is doubtful if the business of being a gangster can be classed as an especially hazardous occupation. Certainly, the number of good citizens annually killed in the streets by automobiles is much larger than the number of criminals killed by the police, or in the commission of crime, or incarcerated by the courts for terms exceeding five years.

In Mr. Wales' opinion, the fact that France is a gangless country is not due to any superiority of the French police over their American brethren. Man for man, he thinks that the Americans are at least equal, while the French police departments are much inferior in such important details of equipment as communication by wireless and telephone. But they produce results because "they work hand in glove with what corresponds to the district attorney, and the triangle is completed by the close co-ordination and cooperation of the police and the *procureur général* with the magistracy." Further, whether because the pickings are fewer or the police less corruptible, there is very little graft, except in Marseilles, where "shake-ups" are rather frequent.

It must be confessed that our police, too, might secure brilliant results could they work under the French method of dealing with criminals. There is no bail in France, relates Mr. Wales, practically no commutation of sentence, no parole system, no pardon board, and life in a penitentiary is so harrowing an experience that few care to risk it a second time. Baseball, the radio, theatricals, and moving pictures are unknown to convicts. Solitary confinement is solitary, there are no newspapers, and only one letter a month, and that is censored. From Mr. Wales' account—which may be a bit out of drawing—the convict is hardly treated as a human being.

Again, in France "politics and crime don't mix. There are no ward leaders as chief lieutenants of municipal counselors or aldermen, and therefore there is no place for

the strong-arm gang of these henchmen." A trial may be immediate, or it may be tardy. The prosecutor does not go into court until his evidence is in hand, and in the mean time the prisoner languishes in jail. It is somewhat dangerous to file an appeal, for should the lower court be sustained, which it generally is, the sentence is made heavier on the ground that the criminal has wasted the time and the funds of the State! It must be easy to be a policeman or a prosecutor in France. The district attorney in one of our largest jurisdictions once stated that in this country the prosecution of the criminal is a game, with all the cards stacked against the people. In France, it is not a game, but if it were, the cards, it is conceivable, would be stacked against the accused.

Some French methods could not possibly be used in the United States, nor would they be desirable. But some could be usefully employed. For several years a special committee of the American Bar Association has been investigating the whole problem of enforcement of the criminal law, and if its final report does not embody some of these French customs, as well as others which operate to the common good in Great Britain, I shall be greatly surprised. We cannot abolish bail in all cases, but bail can be made to fit the offense charged, and can be rated according to the known character of the accused. The professional bailman who, in fact, if not by conviction in open court, participates in the proceeds of crime and is the criminal's first ally can certainly be eliminated. We can also turn the spotlight on our parole boards, and clean up our police and our inferior courts. There are plenty of remedies at hand, if we only reach out for them.

It may even come to pass, if we are very, very good, that we shall grow strong enough to divorce politics from crime, and to ally the police with our departments of justice for a real and sustained attack upon organized crime. But for this we must have back of us an intelligent and unterrified public opinion. At present, any opinion of that kind is so very far back of us that it might as well be in Mars.

FOOLISHNESS OF LOVE

Wee head I hold between my hands
So silky-curved and soft and brown,
More magical a miracle
Than is in ocean, field or town—
What storms of wonder, spinning dreams
Of fairy peacocks, lakes and lands,
Of thrones and kingdoms, dolls and God—
I hold between my very hands.

Sweet face uplifted to my face
And eyes that hurl against my eyes
More art than golden Italy
In perfect sprays of Paradise—
For one limp moment, wild with love,
I would my name were sudden death
That I might slay your little pulse
And gather off your latest breath
Before the winter of the world
Can break the lilies of your soul
And Christ Our God be bled again
To make you whole, to make you whole.

THOMAS BUTLER.

Education

For the High-School Senior

BENJAMIN L. MASSE, S.J.

WHEN I last saw you, my dear John, you were not a high-school senior. Your letter reminds me of the flight of time, and I reflect with a start that you are no longer a youngster looking forward rather wistfully to his first pair of long trousers. Some of life's vexing problems have come up before you, and upon one of them you have made a decision.

Allow me to say that I approve heartily your intention to follow the profession of law. Knowing you as I do, your intellectual and moral gifts, and your frank, friendly personality, I think you will follow it successfully. On the means by which you intend to achieve your purpose, I cannot pass the same approval.

I know that it is the prevailing fashion to do two years of pre-legal work, and then hurry on to the law school. It may sound somewhat discouraging if I say that this is one of the reasons why a certain superficiality is noticeable in many of our young lawyers today. I could even go further and affirm that it is one of the reasons why people nowadays hold the legal profession much more cheaply than they did years ago. It is good for you to know right at the start that the mere fact of your being admitted to the bar in this year and day, will not mean either professional or financial success. You will have to demonstrate that you are a man of solid intellectual and cultural attainments before people will entrust their cases to you. And three years in the law school plus the two years of pre-legal work will not do this for you. By your sheer natural ability, you may achieve some measure of early success, but in the long run you will be surpassed by men who have a more solid background and a wider outlook on life.

In other words, John, because I like you, and have an interest in your future and because, too, of another reason that I shall mention later on, I want to see you matriculate next fall at an arts college in some Catholic university. I want you to get that solid intellectual and cultural foundation that, plus your natural ability, will later on lead to really great things.

Naturally, at first sight, you will feel a certain repugnance to the idea. You are anxious to get out and begin making money as soon as possible; and unless you really love books and hard study—and what red-blooded boy does—you will shrink from four hard years at the classics and science and philosophy. But do not forget that you will not always be as you are now. With increasing years and a growth in knowledge, you will find a pleasure in intellectual pursuits that you never dreamed existed. But, after all, this is not the important point. If you are determined to be a lawyer, a good lawyer, the best possible lawyer, you will not quail before any difficulty however unpleasant it may be, providing, of course, that the difficulty is worthwhile surmounting. That it is worthwhile, I shall briefly strive to show.

It is only repeating a very trite bit of truth to say that

the better-prepared man in any profession, granting, of course, an equality in natural talent to begin with, will eventually surpass his fellows. Now, I firmly believe that the arts course in a Catholic college will give a man this superior preparation; and this for a two-fold reason.

Let us say that the first requisite for success in your career is a comprehensive grasp of all the subjects in the law school's curriculum. You must know the legal code of your State in all its many ramifications; you must understand and commit to memory the interpretations of the law handed down in important cases; you must familiarize yourself with the historical and cultural backgrounds of your profession; and you must develop your powers of oral and spoken expression. Now, four years in the arts school will, indirectly, and even directly in one or two cases, help you to accomplish this. Directly, they will give you that power of expression that is all-essential; indirectly, they will prepare your mental faculties to receive to the fullest degree all that the law course offers.

A few years ago, a teacher in one of the most famous law schools in the East asked one of his students a surprising question. It was this: did you, before your entrance here, ever study Latin and Greek? The young man, who happened to be a product of a western Catholic college, told him that he had. The professor replied that he could easily pick out of the class the men who had had a classical education; they thought more logically and grasped matter more quickly and clearly than the rest of the men. This is testimony from a man who knows.

Scarcely less important for a successful career is personality. This is true of all the professions and, indeed, of any walk in life; but especially is it true of the legal profession. I cannot imagine a safer and surer way of developing the latent powers of personality than the curriculum of the arts course. After all, personality resolves itself into two big elements, one spiritual, one physical, the body, and the soul. Here, I shall omit the physical element; that is largely a matter of intelligent recreation and can be taken in any circumstance. Let us see what the arts course can do for the spiritual, and most important factor of personality.

In the first place, you will be developing your will and forming your character on solid lines. Advanced Latin and Greek, higher mathematics, and science, are not intellectual pabulum to be easily digested; nor is the queen of them all, Scholastic philosophy. They will try your determination, they will sound your powers of tenacity, they will test your courage. If you stand true, if you give them all you have, they will make you a steel-willed, strong-minded man. And maybe, John, a lawyer doesn't need this!

Then they will do as much for your intellect. They will train it to think clearly and logically. They will broaden its vision, they will sharpen it, and give you a power of insight into the problems which will confront you that a less carefully trained mind can never possess.

Lastly, these studies, especially the literature, will warm the fires of your imagination. Where one has often to deal with simple minds, this is no unimportant consideration. It will give you the command of concrete expression

and of vivid example, it will give you the power of emotional expression, it will give you the key to their souls.

This, looking at it from a purely material standpoint, is what the arts course offers you. But you will recall that, at the beginning of this letter, I mentioned another reason for urging this plan upon you. It is this.

When I visualized you taking your place in the world of men, I had a picture of a bright, cultured, well-trained Catholic gentleman spurred on by the ambition, not only of making a success of his career, but of striking at the same time mighty blows for God. Never before has the Church felt the need of laymen capable of intelligently defending Her, as She does today. The events of the past year or so, apart from the Holy Father's insistence on the point, have strikingly revealed this. Now I do not ask you to sacrifice your career; although if it were necessary, I would not hesitate to do so. The old Faith is strong in you, and you are generous. But I do ask you to unite your interests with those of the Church; to go to a Catholic college; to drink deeply of the wells of true history that you may see the falsity of the propaganda that has been dished out for four centuries, and that you may do your share to destroy it; to drink deeply of the wells of literature that you may be a light for a dark day that has lost the idea of true art; to drink deeply of the golden wells of philosophy, that you may bring comfort and truth to your fellow men, hopelessly adrift, with the wreckage of a hundred false systems of thought strewn around them. I ask you, John, to be a disciple of the Faith which you and yours have ever cherished. May God help you in your decision.

With Scrip and Staff

TOO much pilgrimaging, even in the bracing October air, brings weariness; and it was with some relief that after a day's wandering in the Apennines—or thereabouts—I saw before me the hospitable portals of a Roman villa. Some sixth sense assured me that it was the precise spot where P. Vergilius Maro was wont to elaborate his *Georgics*; but the poet was not at home. Knocks brought no answer. As the door was wide open, and a couple of bronze lamps blazed smokily on the table, I entered, removed my sandals, and sank into the poet's own spacious armchair. The Tyrrhenian wind caused the pages of what seemed to be a finished manuscript to rustle gently. Once a sudden gust blew in, as of an approaching storm, and detached one papyrus sheet from the bundle. The sheet flew like a mad thing over the floor; I after it, slipping and sliding on the marble tiles. Reverently I tried to replace it, thinking the while what Mr. Rosenbach or Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan would feel under similar circumstances, when the unexpected happened. The thing just wouldn't fit in.

After considerable fumbling on my part, and some rising indignation, the sheet gave a squirm, flapped in my face, and remarked: "Please leave me alone. I got out and will stay out."

"But you belong in," I replied. "You are page number CCCLXXXVIII and your first line starts with a

caesura carried over from the incompleated verse on the preceding page. Obey, you wanton!"

"I will not obey," flapped the sheet. "I am an individualist, and despise regimentation. I have the greatest personal respect for page CCCLXXXVII, but I refuse to be associated with him, since he is of an inferior grade of papyrus. He grew in Upper Nubian soil, whilst I was raised in the pure mud of the Lower Nile."

"But the sense?" I protested. "What will the poem mean if you are left out?"

"And be shut up in leather binding if I am put back? What do I care for the poem's meaning? That's Vergil's business, not mine. Mine for the richer life: the free night winds, the gleam of torches, the stars beckoning through the cypress tops, the Eleusinian symbols. . ."

"Don't you see, you fool thing," I cried, "that you yourself will have no meaning if you ignore the poem of which you are a part?"

"And miss my advertising possibilities; miss my chance of a special glass case to myself in Augustus' new museum of bibelots? Not for mine."

"But the life Vergil has called you to," I pleaded, "is something infinitely higher than anything you, poor mutt, can achieve by yourself: it is an immortal life. . ."

Just then the door blew to with a bang, and cut me short as the wind whisked the agitated leaf out the window into an Apulian dustheap. The poet strode in with majestic gait; whilst I blinked, and found myself sitting in my armchair holding a little yellow program folder marked "Riverside Church," that I had picked up that day at the door of Dr. Fosdick's new place of worship.

MY mind, indeed, happened to have been running on the unique attraction of Vergil. The bi-millennium in Mantua on October 15 bore abundant testimony to that. Recently the Vergilian Literary Meet, staged by the Sophomores of Fordham University, undertook to do some publicity for the poet. As they explained:

The Vergilian Literary Meet had its origin in a suggestion thrown out by a Latin teacher who thought that more interest in honoring Vergil would be shown under stimulus of a challenge. The Fordham Sophomores promptly acted on the suggestion. Six events were proposed for the contest. The general idea was to honor Vergil and have that honor manifest itself in class work. No special study of Vergil was planned. Vergil was outside the work of Sophomore. But all members of the class had read Vergil and the contest gave an opportunity to display in a fitting literary form the personal reactions of each. Short original compositions voicing the students' experience with the great Roman poet, seemed best adapted to attain the desired end. . . .

Challenges were sent to the Sophomores of various colleges and four colleges accepted.

The first contest was with St. Elizabeth's College, Convent Station, N. J. The papers were sent from St. Elizabeth's to the *Commonweal*, whose editors agreed to act as judges. Mr. Michael Williams, editor-in-chief, gave a bronze medal, struck for the celebration in Italy, to the best individual performer. This medal was awarded to Miss Margaret Heyliger for her song. Fordham received three firsts, two seconds, and one third; St. Elizabeth's, one first, two seconds and one third.

The second contest of the series was with Mount St. Vincent. Father Talbot, of the Staff of AMERICA, was re-

sponsible for this decision. The third contest was with the College of New Rochelle, with Prof. Joseph F. Wickham, of the College of the City of New York, as judge. The fourth bout was with the City College of New York, with Miss Adelaide Simpson, of Hunter College, as judge.

THE Fordham papers are partly serious, partly humorous—in the nature of fitting Vergil into a modern setting. They show in either instance what every classical student has felt, that somehow Vergil seems nearer to us than other writers of antiquity who, as historical persons, are much more distinct. What, then, is this particular kinship with our age?

Is it that in Vergil, more than in any other poet of the pagan world, we find man's nature as it were pointing to the higher life which Christianity would soon afford? The poet and his creations move, it is true, in the natural sphere. But their moral standards, their sense of proportion and fitness, their longings and intuitions and presentiments, are ready, as it were, to be touched with grace in order to be made Christian. You feel that if St. Paul or St. Patrick had sailed in the same boat with Aeneas he would have had little trouble in Christianizing the whole outfit. But he would have had a tough job with the best of the Trojans or Achaeans.

We like Vergil because of his humanism. But Vergil's humanism is positively oriented towards a life higher than the natural life of man. His cheerful farmer keeping his bees or pruning vines, or his founders planning Rome's future destiny, are not engaged in excluding an infinitely higher, supernatural destiny, even if it be something unknown to them. Even in the Christian sense, therefore, Vergil's humanism is *positive*, not negative. And just here is where I find the difference between Vergil and Dr. Fosdick.

DR. FOSDICK is the most eloquent apostle alive of a certain kind of humanism. Of the 6,000 persons who assembled in the hope of attending services in his new Riverside Church, in New York City, on October 5, only 2,500 could gain admission. The church, built with the aid of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., cost over \$4,000,000; and is an assemblage of everything you can think of in the way of Christian (which means Catholic) symbolism, statuary, Gothic architecture, carvings, and all appurtenances of beauty. Dr. Fosdick himself, in his opening address, was overcome by the beauty of this great temple. His message was summed up in the words, which he said formed "a revolutionary principle," that "nothing matters in all this except the things that lead men into a more abundant life." He cited the words of Christ, "I came that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly."

Now in this, as stated, Dr. Fosdick is absolutely right. Nothing in the world matters, neither beauty, nor health, nor wealth, nor anything else, except in so far as it leads men into a more abundant life. Vergil would have agreed to that, and so would Plato or Aristotle. But the only "more abundant life" which has ever been able to stand the test of two thousand years of examination in doctrine

and of practice in fact is the supernatural life offered by Christ to those who, through Baptism, become members of His Church. Yet, just as explicitly as Dr. Fosdick recommends an "abundant life," he rejects *the* abundant life actually offered by Christ. He rejects it, because he rejects the supernatural; and the things that bring access to the supernatural. "Nothing matters in Christianity," not even things with long traditions and accumulated sanctity—not creedal forms, nor ritual observances, nor institutional regularities—nothing matters except those things that bring abundant life to personality."

Lest any doubt remain, there is printed on the first page of the aforesaid yellow folder this engaging bit of non-Mantuan rhyme:

On me nor Priest nor Presbyterian nor Pope,
Bishop nor Dean may stamp a party name;
But Jesus, with his largely human scope,
The service of my human life may claim.
Let prideful priests do battle about creeds,
The church is mine that does most Christlike deeds.

With scorning of all gifts from Presbyters or Popes,
what, then, we ask, are Dr. Fosdick's hopes?

TRUE, he says that deeds count; not hopes. But deeds spring from hopes; and the "abundance" that the Modernist, so-called Humanist message bids us hope for seems pretty much the abundance of the modern, materialistic world; with its over-production, its advertising psychology, and its impersonal attitude towards human rights. Christ is a sort of a super-social reformer, and the saints glorified social workers. All the fair words about beauty and universes and inward fires and admiration for the world's great souls cannot put flesh on the skeleton fact that the Humanist alternative to the supernatural life, their largely earthly, age-of-prosperity-and-radios "abundant life," or even the "expanded," altruistic life, comes to an abrupt end with death.

All those symbols and images drawn from the Christian testimony to the certainty of immortal life skilfully create in uncritical minds an impression that some real life is being substituted for what is rejected. But stripped of imagery and emotional appeal, not only is there no message of the life to come, but no clear meaning is given to the life here below.

This so-called Humanism is all that is agreeable and serviceable in man, in so far as it excludes man's supernatural goal. Vergil's humanism is all that is best in man, hoping and waiting for the revelation of the supernatural goal of life; and, as in the Sixth Book of the Aeneid, timorously exploring the Limbo of the world to come. Between the two doctrines, that of Vergil seems to me the more Christian.

The message of this "anomalous Church," as it has been termed, is the fate of all anomalies that borrow the trappings of Christianity. It is simply a detached leaf, wrenched from the book of God's Revelation, in order to enjoy a fictitious freedom, a passing illusion of abundance. The result is meaninglessness. And with the passing of our present epoch of self-sufficiency in the material order, this message of denial will slowly, surely drift to the rubbish-heap.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

For Catholic Puritans

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

CHRISTIANITY has been blamed for many things. Chief among the claims of its enemies is the accusation that it has stifled art. The blasphemous "Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean" of Swinburne has become a common complaint of critics of culture, and the comparative sterility of modern Christian art has led superficial students to the belief that the necessary moral strictures of the Church are incompatible with the equally necessary freedom of the artist.

The problem has not been met squarely, at least in America. Observers of literature have been prone to apply an industrial test of results and productive success to a craft which baffles scientific measurement. To understand the question it is necessary to divorce oneself from the glamors of personality and to examine in correct perspective the basic general principles of art and morality and the resolution of beauty and truth in the wider sea of being.

For art, in the general sense, is one thing; in the higher and Catholic sense it is something else. The Catholic artist is faced not only with the usual difficulties of his craft; he must also cope with his advantages as an artist. This is a strange truth, yet one that becomes the more apparent as it is the more pondered. The essence of much of romantic art (and for all practical purposes Romanticism might be taken as the predominating spirit since the early nineteenth century) is the unaided struggle of the ego towards its proper place in the cosmos, even though satisfaction be found in the isolation of a wandering star. This intense striving for personal freedom, so common to the Byronic and the Shelleyan school, and in the latter part of the movement in the aristocratic insistence of Arnold and Walter Pater's hybridic artsakists, was born of spiritual desolation. Values had changed for the Englishman; a subsidized church could only expect to retain the allegiance of the Forsytes and the Philistines. Braver spirits, fed on a tradition which, despite its urbanity and charm, had been decadent for more than two centuries, were forced to ease themselves not of melodies taught from the earth but of those that were learned in Paradise. They searched within for the stars that they would not lift their eyes to see.

For the Catholic, much of this struggle, which only in a relative sense contains elements of grandeur, would be vain histrionics. If his tradition is sound a great deal of the discontent that breeds literature appears not only childlike but childish. To wander with Shelley through the self-inflicted miseries of a chastised boy, or to haggle vainly with himself over elementary rules of conduct, as Carlyle did, and wear away the rock of his genius in discovering the everlasting yea to be obedience to God, in a word, to waste precious spiritual energies over the first two pages of the catechism is as unnecessary as it is foolish.

A reasonable Catholic has a complete set of funda-

mental values for his birthright; he need not explore the realms of consciousness or psychoanalyze himself to be assured of the existence of original sin, or that man is intended by his nature to a happiness different in kind from mere satiation and pleasure. He is aware of these truths from a very early time in his intellectual development.

Hence, the subject matter of half the romantic novels, autobiographies and confessions of young men, while subjectively true and worthy of clean treatment by a critic, can have little real value for the artist of wider vision. For the Catholic to share the pantheistic ardor of his fellows or become over-serious regarding the wanton kisses of life would connote insincerity; for him to begin where others leave off, to take up a work that is considered finished necessitates supreme art.

Tradition has offered him no other alternatives. He must attempt the Dantean heights, or scramble hopelessly in the pitfalls of greatness. Since the days of the counter-Reformation theological opposition to pagan humanism and the literary class in general had caused a clear line of demarcation to be drawn between that which was totally acceptable morally and that which was not. There was no middle path. The division had the rigid character of a *de fide* pronouncement. There was an accusation against Savonarola that he read immoral books, in which Dante was grouped with Ovid and Petrarch with Boccaccio. There are accusations today against everything written in the last twenty years, in which Edith O'Shaughnessy and Theodore Dreiser are rejected with the same gesture and almost the same asperity.

The latitude of the working field is, however, gradually being extended. Modern needs have shaped attempts towards opening the middle ground, a sort of literary probation during which the author may be permitted to explore the vast territory between insincerity and great art. There are matchless records of such journeys in the ballads and poems of medieval France; the troubadour was free to pursue a thought from the wood to the mountain, or across the pastures of the moon, if need be. The poet was neither insincere, nor consciously and passionately striving for the sublime; but he had the Divine enthusiasm, a happy elfish love for his toys, a glorious freedom from formalisms; he was a child who rioted with the earth and who consecrated the earthly with hymns of beauty, and while he never tried to climb into heaven, neither was he friendly to the marsh. Dante had one foot in another world; it is impossible to expect everyone to follow him. And there must be the poet, as there is the little brown Saint, to sing of the glories of birds and green things and quiet flowers, and to translate their whispers for the angels.

For many people artistic freedom is synonymous with apostasy and neo-paganism. Instead of realizing that the artists's copy of nature must include the sublimations of grace, that a Catholic vision of the world with all its insight into spiritual realities must give rise to a genuine philosophy that will also include a true morality, they prefer to tie art to the absolutes. The laws governing the artist are not, however, the code of the moralist; they are

intrinsic to being itself. The apparent contradictions between morality and art could be readily solved if the moralists and estheticians would submit their cases to the higher law of being. It is just as false for the artist to strive consciously to adjust his work to a spiritual outlook as it is for him to tint the truth of his judgment of reality with a base or immoral purpose. Both are perversions of the truth, although in a different manner.

French Catholic artists faced the identical problem of the Americans in the last decade. Henri Massis, one of the most distinguished post-War critics, in an essay which he calls "A Point or Two about Novelists," in which, however, he treats the entire artistic field, destroyed the position of those who are called the Catholic Puritans. After defining what is meant by the Catholic vision, and after separating the field of morality and art with all the precision of Jacques Maritain, he goes on to show that Catholicism, when it is misunderstood to be nothing more than a code of morals, is unrightfully deprived of a much wider esthetic significance. Catholic critics, he admits, are too often merely negative, making morality sufficient unto itself when it is necessary to attack a writer who does not agree with them.

Even before the French quarrelled with the problem, Francis Thompson in his essay on Shelley pleaded with those who placed Dante's among the *livres impies ou corrupteurs* to reclaim poetry, or the general animating spirit of the fine arts. "Once poetry was," he said, "as she should be, the lesser sister and helpmate of the Church; the minister to the mind, as the Church to the soul. But poetry sinned, poetry fell; and, in the place of lovingly reclaiming her, Catholicism cast her from the door to follow the feet of her pagan seducer. The separation has been ill for poetry; it has not been well for religion."

Thompson in England, as Massis and others in France were dealing with the constant reader, the defender of that Catholic sense with which American Catholics of late have been so familiar. He was making an attempt to pull down some of the ancient dwelling places where Chaucer was taboo and where even some of the saints, were their books ever opened, would have been excommunicated. It is an unfortunate development in Catholic letters that those least fitted either by natural inclination or continued application for the position of spokesmen should be rather universally acknowledged to be the arbiters of modern literature. The real position of the Church has been almost totally obscured by pious people with learned pretensions and censorious propensities. Modern literature, the breaking of the middle ground has been damned with a blanket indictment, despite the fact that it is increasingly necessary for the Church to employ her artists in an alliance that is bound to be beneficial to both. A large proportion of the reading public have yet to learn that the tendency towards intellectual freedom is by no means a sure sign of spiritual profligacy.

In his plea for the proper understanding of the poetic spirit, Thompson aptly summarizes the intelligent Catholic's plea for a new mental attitude:

This beautiful, wild, feline poetry, wild because left to range the wilds, restore to the hearths of your charity, shelter under the

rafter of your Faith; discipline her to the sweet restraints of your household, feed her with the meat from your table, soften her with the amity of your children; tame her, fondle her, cherish her—you will no longer then need to flee her. Suffer her to wanton, suffer her to play, so she play round the foot of the Cross!

It is the poet's song that will lead a weary civilization from the inferno of despair; it is the wedding of the saint and the poet that will furnish a new home for the moderns to live in.

REVIEWS

Germany's Domestic and Foreign Policies. By OTTO HOETZSCH. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$1.50.

This book contains six lectures delivered originally at the eighth session of the Williamstown "Institute of Politics." Coming from one who is Professor of History in the University of Berlin and a member of the German Reichstag, they combine sure, scholarly analysis with the practical insight of the statesman. Prof. Hoetzsch begins with the origin and structure of the German Constitution, showing that it follows a middle course between the French and American systems which were its model. The present-day Reich is a parliamentary democracy like France, Great Britain, and all other parliamentarily governed States, and yet the German Constitution provides for the direct, popular election of the President, who possesses important independent rights and duties. The difficulty of coordinating executive and legislative functions of government is emphasized by the bewildering array of political parties and the confused relationships, legal, administrative, and financial, between the Federal authority and the individual States. In the economic sphere Dr. Hoetzsch presents some interesting statistics. Although Germany lost 470,600 as a result of the peace treaties her population is increasing by 400,000 to 500,000 every year. The proportion of the urban and rural population is three to one. There are 133 people to each square kilometer. For this reason Central Europe is compared to an overheated engine boiler which has no safety valve and is about to explode. There are the usual chapters on reparations, the Dawes Plan, the Locarno Treaties, the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact. Much greater interest attaches to the discussion of eastern questions. Poland, Lithuania and Russia are seen to be the key States in this sector. Rectification of the frontiers is advocated in no uncertain terms, while the union of Austria and Germany is represented as all but inevitable. Dr. Hoetzsch, it should be remembered, is a member of the National People's Party. His views are typical of the right-wing movement in Germany.

J. F. T.

A Yankee Adventurer. By HOLGER CAHILL. New York: The Macaulay Company. \$3.50.

Frederick Townsend Ward, the hero of Mr. Cahill's delightful story of the Taiping rebellion, is one of those neglected figures which the searchlight of modern history has brought into prominence for our delectation. The middle of the last century produced a harvest of bold adventurers whose activities, if not always wholly admirable, were certainly picturesque, and to this harvest the town of Salem, Mass., contributed its full share. For Ward even the romance of trade by sea with the ends of the earth was not sufficient. He served as officer on several of the great clipper ships that linked the little New England town with the Indies and Cathay, but for him nothing sufficed but war and the fate of empires. A born soldier of fortune, he lent his arms to various causes in Central and South America, and the Crimean campaign saw him an officer in the French command, but it was China that called him to his most notable and last enterprise. The great Taiping rebellion offered him his chance and our author pictures him leaving his father's counting house in Salem and riding across the western plains and mountains, a lonely figure amid many perils that he hardly heeded, so fixed were his eyes on the great Orient where, in his vision, he was already an Eastern potentate.

Mr. Cahill approaches his story with a somewhat divided enthusiasm. For him the Taiping rebellion, instigated by a Chinese dreamer whose religious zeal was based on his personal interpretation of some Protestant Christian tracts, was the worthy cause and it was this cause that Ward intended to join against the effete Manchu empire. Once in China, however, he threw in his lot against it and became a partisan, and finally a subject, of the imperial authority. Of Ward's great services in saving the Empire, of his thrilling adventures, hairbreadth escapes and final death, Mr. Cahill writes delightfully, making of this chapter of history a tale of popular romance.

R. B. C.

The Resurrection of Rome. By G. K. CHESTERTON. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$3.00.

"I know," says Mr. Chesterton himself, "it will be the general impression about this book that I cannot talk about anything without talking about everything." It is. He talks about so many things, and that so allusively and even so elusively, that I should regard it not only as a mark of culture, but as evidence of a fine education to be able to appreciate the half of what is in the book. It is a book about Rome. But it is neither a guide book nor a history book; there is no ordered information or a single date. It is just a riot, intellectual, artistic and historical, in which all kinds of erudite hypotheses and ignorant prejudices are smashed on the head and left to perish. But it is more than that. It is a very remarkable pageant of a few of the resurrections of Rome. We are shown the Rome that was left to rot by the Roman Caesars resurrecting for the great battle with the Imperial Iconoclasts, and rescuing European art in the name of the Roman religion. In a particularly rambling chapter called the "Pillar of the Lateran" we are shown all sorts of things which a reader may discover for himself. In the "Return of the Gods" we are introduced to the most striking of all the Roman resurrections—the resurrection that is called the new-birth or the Renaissance. It is obvious that Mr. Chesterton has no very passionate love for the monuments and monstrous buildings of the sixteenth century, and still less for the Rococo of the succeeding period. But he gives a meaning to all these things, and in a sense defends them. What he is really defending, or at any rate explaining, is the religion of Rome. He shows what quality it was in the Catholic mind that could resurrect the dead gods of Paganism to glorify (if not beautify) the living religion of Christ. In particular in this chapter Mr. Chesterton deals more *strikingly* than I think has ever been done before with "the dingy and inky little people who laboriously prove to us that Catholicism is only a rehash of Paganism or borrowed its ideas from the Pagans. . . . A man standing here in Rome is reduced to silence; he can only answer that such stupidity is stupefying." But Mr. Chesterton answers a good deal more than that; and every word he writes is a blight on the blossoms of the "Golden Bough." "The Return of the Romans" is, of course, about Fascism. It is about as discerning as anything that has ever been written on this matter. But one feels ashamed to be merely cataloguing the contents of a book like this. It is the evidence of as authentic a genius as is known in our world of letters. There are paragraphs which for sheer beauty of style are as perfect as most of us have ever come across. There is a sincerity and a vibrancy in the Catholicism here exhibited that point unmistakably to a new resurrection not only of Rome but of Roman Catholicism. Lastly there is here a wit and humor that would set a Puritan in a fit of laughter, and a pathos, at times, that will all but make a Catholic cry. This book is the Catholic Book Club's selection for October.

G. G. W.

Colossal Blunders of the War. By WILLIAM SEAVER WOODS. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

The sight of the battlefield of Verdun, where more than 700,000 human beings were killed or maimed without profit to either cause, moved the editor of the *Literary Digest* to inspect the records of all World War combatants for further manifestations of stupidity, inefficiency, ignorance and misfeasance in general. He found an abundance of evidence, and while most of his dis-

closures are not new discoveries, their collection and popular presentation were due and inevitable. Botchery, it appears, was not confined to any nation, and instances are multiplied in which mortification is freely distributed to America, Germany, France, Great Britain and Russia. Of all the participants, Germany alone avoided the initial fault of unreadiness. Unpreparedness took many forms among her opponents, from America's lack of trained men, to the scarcity of weapons that sent many a Russian into battle utterly unarmed, and made it necessary for English recruits to drill with wooden guns and rods of iron until rifles could be brought from Japan. The lash is laid on liberally, and after shameful ignorance, shameless maladministration and majestic stupidities in general are advertised, the defects peculiar to each nation are discussed, and they range from France's disbelief of Michel's forecast, in 1911, that Germany would invade Belgium to attack France, to the appalling treachery that prevailed in the highest circles of the Russian Government and that swept that Government to its destruction. The four major flaws noted in Germany's wisdom are logically and succinctly presented: she permitted the War to happen; when she might have attacked France by way of Alsace Lorraine by the sacrifice of a little time she preferred to violate Belgian neutrality, and thus unnecessarily compelled England's entrance into the War; her disastrous submarine policy obliged America to fight; and worst of all, she underestimated her adversaries' abilities. An intelligently waged war is sufficiently tragic, but there are no words to describe the feelings with which one reflects on the kind of war that Mr. Woods depicts.

I. T. McD.

No Popery. Chapters on Anti-Papal Prejudice. By HERBERT THURSTON, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$3.00.

One rises from this book with a sickening and almost despairing conviction that it is well-nigh impossible to clear away the mountains of calumny which have been heaped upon the Papacy. That Father Thurston succeeds in doing his splendid share in what must have been for him an Augean task, goes without saying. Here is a dispassionate, thorough investigation and exposure of a comparatively few such lies, in which a certain Dr. Rappoport with the supercilious Dean Inge get the excoriation they so richly deserve. No educated Catholic, knowing as he does the difference between impeccability and infallibility, would dream of denying that there have been some Popes who were a disgrace to their exalted position; but that the rulers of God's Church have been ordinarily monsters of iniquity, as scandal mongers more than insinuate, is a charge so preposterous that real evidence alone would suffice to uphold it. Filthy tales founded on obscene romances or the effluvia of revolutionaries hardly suffice; and the author clearly demonstrates that many of these trumped-up accusations have no sounder foundation. Why have these ghouls, he asks, so persistently blackened the fair name of the representatives of Christ, and the answer he gives is adequate. Filled as they are with a consuming hatred for things Catholic, to cater to the Protestant tradition is for them pure joy; but above all, vicious fables propped up with a parade of research are antecedently assured of a great welcome and financial success from a bigoted and very gullible public. Father Thurston has made an important contribution to genuine history. It makes us hope that his further efforts together with those of a like mind will help to undermine the great wall of prejudice and eventually make it crumble away.

H. C.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Painting.—Father Jean de Nicolay, S.J., after eleven years of labor has produced "Les Principes de la peinture d'après les maitres" (Tours: Mame). The mere selection of the 337 engravings with which it is illustrated must have been a matter of infinite care. It is not a treatise on esthetics or the philosophy of art; the writer simply introduces the lay reader to what the art of painting really is. He takes you through the secrets of the studio, explains them with thoroughness, and yet simplicity: the interpretation of nature, plasticity, composition, drawing, technique of design, principles of color, chiaro-oscuro, impressionism, etc. The various

styles of painting are explained, all in the same lucid fashion: religious, symbolic, decorative painting, color photography, are dealt with. The author speaks as one grown up from infancy in the atmosphere of great paintings, with that absence of prejudice, that desire for sincerity and truth which such a contact will afford. His choice of illustrations is eclectic, ancient and modern mingled, though straying little from France and Italy. It is essentially a book on painting from *within*; even though the reader, who must perforce view from without, is always held in view. Some of us may find the discussions a little academically exact.

When a book of essays takes its title from the first of these essays, we are liable to be deceived as to its scope. This is the case with "Genuine and Counterfeit" (Boni. \$1.75) by Max J. Friedländer. It is something much more important than a handbook to help collectors distinguish spurious from genuine paintings. Mr. Friedländer is himself an expert; yet he warns the collector against the danger of over-emphasizing the importance of experts. Even they can sometimes be deceived, especially after their reputations have become well established. In this part of the book, which comprises the first three essays, Mr. Friedländer shows himself familiar with the technical aspects of restoring and forging. The latter part of the book is concerned more with the esthetic side of painting. Here the author is at his best. He discusses the picturesque in painting, form and color, originality, etc. He makes a plea for precision in speaking of these qualities of painting; and his own analysis of these concepts and the words which express the concepts are a splendid example of exact thinking and clear expression. His thoughts on these subjects, while rather subtle at times, are clothed in a style that will delight not only the lover of painting but the lover of accurate expression.

Chapbooks on Literature.—The series of artistic pamphlets being issued by the University of Washington Bookstore, under the editorship of Glenn Hughes, has now reached its fortieth number. "Speak the Speech," by Barrett H. Clark, is a most sensible defense of local pronunciation against the standardization of speech. Mr. Clark is rightly puzzled over the assumption that there is a "standard" of correct pronunciation, that *bean* is preferable to *bin*, that *eyether* is more correct than *ether*. His warning that a standardized pronunciation is usually a hybrid of many vowel sounds is to be taken seriously by speech instructors. "Logger Talk" contains a list of the slang terms used by loggers along the Pacific Coast. The compiler is Guy Williams, who writes a sprightly introduction. "The Realistic War Novel" is a most interesting study of the similarities of the novels of the Great War and of the differences between these and the traditional novels of war. The author, Sophus Keith Winther, finds that the hero of the modern novel is not a hero, that the war-novel is a pacifist tract showing the horrors and none of the glories of the War, that the enemy is not in reality an enemy to the opposing soldiers, that religion is assailed, at least implicitly, etc. It is a brief, but good, comparative analysis. In "The New Ground of Criticism," V. F. Calverton again puts forward his theory of literary criticism. To his mind, criticism should follow the world trends; the world is returning to the medieval idea of unity, the world is striving for synthesis. Literary criticism should do the same, and the approach must be through psychology and sociology. Mr. Calverton seems always on the verge of revealing what he means; but lacking a clear concept of his own theory he is unable to speak in anything but generalities and expostulations. "Julien Benda and the New Humanism" is an appraisal, by Herbert Read, of Benda's few books of criticism and an attempt to show his relation toward and disagreement from the American Humanists. "Beyond Tragedy," by Virgil Geddes, are philosophic notes on the drama and the dramatist that appear wise in their academic expression. The cinema and jazz music are important American contributions to France is the contention of Philippe Soupault in "The American Influence in France." "Some Ultra-Modern French Poets" is a book of translations by Babette Hughes. The reader is asked to report if he finds one poem that is not touched with insanity. The chapbooks are sixty-five cents each.

Spanish Lover. Stepsisters. The Four Armourers. St. Peter and the Profile.

Don John of Austria, the same whom Chesterton hailed so lustily in his "Lepanto," Don Juan of Austria, the world's great lover, the hero who saved Europe from the Turk, is the "Spanish Lover" (Scribner. \$2.00) of Frank H. Spearman's latest book. Here is a biographical novel that sweeps along in huzzas and flying pennants and glamorous romance to a swift and a startling conclusion. He was a country boy, a lad of mystery but with a spirit and a fire that revealed much. The mystery still shrouded him when he was ordered to the Court of Spain. His blood was kingly, and it broke out under the restraints that would be natural to one of lesser lineage; but his spirit was controlled by the consciousness of the stain that was on him. Don John was a true lover who was defeated by death from gaining his Carmen and who struggled against death and the power of the Moslem to win his Miriam. This is not a novel of degraded loves and dissipation, such as cruder authors might write about Don John. Mr. Spearman treats his hero with reverence, as he should be regarded, and tells his story with fine, but honest, delicacy. Don John was a man and a fighter; he was man enough to learn his trade in the hard discipline before the mast; he was fighter enough to go into voluntary slavery in the enemy country, to tell his true love his true sentiments, and finally to win his bride by crushing the menacing hordes of her people. Mr. Spearman was never better in his flowing imagination, his pulsing emotion, his stylistic grace than he is in "Spanish Lover."

When at an early age, Dion Meldon lost her mother, she found, like many another child, that she had lost her best friend. When, after a year or so, her father brought home a new wife and a step-daughter, Zilda, younger in years than Dion, but already sophisticated, capricious, and thoroughly selfish, troubles poured in on Dion in a flood. Dion and Zilda are the main characters of "Stepsisters" (Longmans. \$2.50). Throughout the story Isabel Clarke has skilfully and consistently contrasted the characters of these two, Dion generous and unselfish to a fault; Zilda, unprincipled and ever on the lookout for her own advantage. It is a remarkable thing about this story that, although the action moves along quietly, the author has painted the characters so strongly and so vividly, that the reader finds himself kept at a rather high emotional pitch throughout. Even the gentlest of reviewers found his heart filled with homicidal desires at the sight of Mr. Meldon's calculated brutality toward his daughter. It would have afforded him keen delight to treat the unfaithful lover, Godfrey Elwin, to a well-directed kick; and the sprightly and despicable Zilda to a massage with a hair brush. All of which would indicate that Miss Clarke has written a story that grips the reader.

Those who have previously enjoyed Colonel Granby's adventures, will be glad to meet him again in "The Four Armourers" (Little, Brown. \$2.00). Francis Reeding, the author, adds a new note of interest this time, in that he has Colonel Granby in love. While not quite as gory as some of the previous tales, there is still much high adventure. The story centers around the efforts of a gang of adventurers to obtain possession of a secret formula for making a gas that will destroy machinery, but leave men uninjured. The action is fast and furious and thoroughly enjoyable.

John North's "St. Peter and the Profile" (Duffield. \$2.00) is a rather disappointing book. Sir St. Peter Ledborough is an aristocratic portrait painter, famous in a past generation. All through life he had been haunted by the ideal of a perfect profile. Harmlessly dotty now, he had spent ten years making countless sketches of profiles—the ideal ever just beyond his grasp. At his death, which occurs in the middle of the book, he leaves instructions with an old friend that these countless failures be burned. One has a similar thought of Mr. North and his book. Throughout, he is sketching profiles. Many of them have some really beautiful features; all are disappointing. And when the author stopped (the book has a last page, but no ending) if he had, from a justifiable feeling of frustration, thrust his manuscript in the blaze of a nearby fireplace, he would have saved unsuspecting readers a few hours of boredom.

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Children's Reading

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Next month, November 16-22, a nation-wide campaign will be launched in the interests of children's reading. It may not be out of order to ask ourselves what part we, as Catholic educators, are preparing to take in this national "Book Week" movement.

Publishing houses and bookstores are creating special departments so that children's literature may receive expert attention. Libraries are adding to their titles beautifully illustrated new books, fine new editions, autograph and old editions. Schools are appropriating larger amounts for school libraries. On all sides, parents, teachers and friends of youth are receiving suggestions about the pleasure of reading and owning good books. Surely this is a laudable campaign. Would it not be well for AMERICA to remind its readers of this stimulating endeavor? Our Catholic boys and girls have manifold interests. Radio, aviation, science, discovery, travel, adventure all are subjects correlated with the curriculum, and fascinating in themselves to the modern child.

It would seem that principals and heads of Catholic schools should grasp the opportunity afforded to our children by cooperating in the observance of "Book Week."

For the benefit of any who may be interested, the writer here presents four central themes suggested for programs and exhibits: "International Friendship," "Books for Young Americans," "Background Books" (classics), "The Modern World." In many large cities, the community is organized into special committees. One large group assumes the initiative, appointing individuals to visit the schools, libraries, and bookstores. Women's clubs, business men's clubs, Boy and Girl Scout organizations are asked to contribute their service and to cooperate with the radio and press.

What a wonderful opportunity this movement offers to us to bring our Catholic literature before the public! Could there be a better opening for Catholic Action?

Wilmington, Del.

SR. M. AGATHA, O.S.U.,
Librarian.

"Humanism and the College"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Every one of the "few college men of the land, a mere remnant of an army that once held the field" longs, with Father McClorey, for the day when the college will be rehumanized. Then the glory and thrill that is felt in being identified with a "forlorn hope" will be turned into the glory and thrill of triumph. It will be the triumph of a sensible and honorable cause.

Our hope is not altogether forlorn. Slowly but surely the tide is turning. And, curiously enough, there are indications of it in the same issue of AMERICA for October 4, in which Father McClorey's article appeared. Professor Healy, in his article "Understanding Latin America," informs us that the Guggenheim Foundation has established a fund for exchange fellowships whose purpose is "to promote a commerce of the things of the mind and of spiritual values." That is the precise object of humanistic studies. Another indication. Two years ago the law department of one of our largest universities in the East made it known that, beginning with September, 1929, no applicant for their law school would be considered who could not present among his credentials an A.B. degree or its equivalent. If other professional schools follow suit, we may live to see the day return when all of our professional men will not only be *professional*, but also *men*, in the finest sense of the term.

There are other changes which must take place within the college itself. We have been so deluged with pseudo-scientific propaganda that we feel it imperative to have a "scientific" way of doing everything. Even literature has been submitted to a vivisectionist's knife and parceled out in shreds to our students as if

they were to examine an embryo chick under a microscope. And the result? A flock of Professor Joneses, Ph.D., who are authorities on the final *e* in Chaucer (cf. "Doctor and Saint," AMERICA, September 6).

I have neither the assurance to believe nor the temerity to state, as one university president has stated, that the degree of Doctor of Philosophy is really a disgrace. But it can hardly be gainsaid that, in recent years, the Ph.D. has "lost face." Of several examples that could be cited, one will illustrate the point. I remember reading the doctorate thesis of a student who was specializing in Demosthenes. The thesis in great part was a treatise on Demosthenes' use of synonyms! Now a doctorate thesis on a topic like the political theory of Demosthenes is understandable enough, but to look at the man through his synonyms (what orator is not addicted to their use?) somehow reminds me of that ancient tale of the simpleton who, wanting to sell his house, tore a brick out of the wall and carried it around as a sample.

If literature is anything, it is human. And we shall have to humanize some of the professors before humanism regains its place of honor in the college.

Woodstock, Md.

JOHN KILLEEN, S.J.

Thanks to Readers' Generosity

To the Editor of AMERICA:

How shall we thank you for your great generosity in sending us this very rich gift. I am quite ashamed and I do not know how to return your kindness, but I am going to our dear Jesus, asking Him to do for you and all our good benefactors what I am not able, and He will surely help me and fulfil all the wishes I have for you and all the others.

You have taken care for our corporal welfare, so may He give you the treasures and love of His Sacred Heart for your eternal welfare and abiding happiness. . . . We will instantly ask Our dear Lord to be your remunerator, to bless you a thousandfold for the good you have done to us in love and honor to Him.

For all our dear benefactors, who have given us their alms with such a generous love, there will be some days of Exposition with our Adorations by day and night. We shall never forget them with our good Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament.

Innsbruck, Austria,

MARY MAGDALENA STEHMAN,

Convent of Perpetual Adoration.

Mother Superior.

[In answer to an appeal in America (May 17, 1930), readers generously contributed, through the America Press Charities Fund, the sum of \$1,590, for the relief of this impoverished convent.—Ed. AMERICA]

The Postman's Pay—and His Burdens

To the Editor of AMERICA:

"If two-cent stamps are to cost us three cents next year, we move that at least five mills be set aside from every sale, and applied to the postman's pay" (AMERICA, September 27, p. 585).

I second that motion. And I rise to make another, to wit: That every representative in the House and Senate be forthwith enjoined by law from using the franking privilege to clutter the mails with tons of poor seeds for the garden; and with what they mistakenly imagine is seed for the mind: their own frothy utterances on the floor or, even worse, their extensions of remarks.

Moline, Ill.

C. B.

Neighborly

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It may be of interest to the readers of AMERICA to hear of an unusual and unique affair which took place here in the parish of St. Ignatius, Los Angeles, some few months ago.

The non-Catholics of this parish gave the Far West a beautiful lesson in tolerance when they presented a delightful program of entertainment for the benefit of the newly erected Sisters' convent.

AMERICA has been recently introduced to the congregation here, and according to the Sunday sales in front of church, the Faithful are receiving a great deal of benefit from "America's finest Catholic Review of the week."

Los Angeles.

FRED HERZBERG.